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PART LIV.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF DEVOTIONS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

No. VI.—*Quarant' Ore : Perpetual Adoration.*

THAT particular form of exposition commonly known by the name of the *Quarant' Ore*, or Forty Hours, began in the middle of the sixteenth century, and, as its name imports, took its rise in Italy, from whence it has spread throughout the whole Christian world, though its character has become somewhat different from what it was in the beginning. It was first begun by Father Joseph, a Capuchin of Ferno,* or, as he is commonly called, of Milan, because it was in that city the devotion was first celebrated. Some authors have attributed the institution to one Bonus of Cremona, who, they say, persuaded Francis II., duke of Milan, to establish it in honour of the forty hours during which our Lord lay in the tomb; and that it was this same Bonus who instituted a custom in that diocese of ringing the church-bell at three o'clock every Friday afternoon, that people might pause for a while to meditate on the Crucifixion, at which time St. Charles Borromeo ordered that they should recite three Paters and three Aves.† Others, again, have named Antony Maria Zaccaria,‡ founder of the congregation of the Regular Clergy of St. Paul, as the originator of this devotion; whilst others, again, refer it to St. Ignatius and the Jesuits. But the most probable account is that which we mentioned first,—namely, that Father Joseph, a Minor Observant, who afterwards, with four or five others of his order, migrated to the Capuchins, first established it in Milan, as a means of deprecating God's wrath, and obtaining immediate relief from those troubles which Milan was then suffering from the war between the Emperor Charles V.

* Boverius Zacharias, Ann. Min. Cap. tom. i. p. 536.

† Act. Med. Eccl. tom. i. p. 8.

‡ Man. Dec. S. R. C. ed. 2nda, cap. ix. Romæ, 1845.

and Francis I., king of France; and he chose the term of forty hours in commemoration of our Lord's silent abode among the dead for that space of time. He seems to have used it much for the same purposes as in modern times missions or retreats are given: he did not intend it so much as a means of doing honour to the blessed Sacrament; still less did he contemplate its becoming, what it now is, a perpetual sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving; but he used it to stir up the people to break off their evil habits, and to turn with a more undivided heart to the service of God, more especially by laying aside those bitter feuds and private enmities by which at that time the whole framework of society in that country was being distracted. Father Joseph was a remarkably eloquent man, and his plan was to give not long or learned harangues, but very short, frequent, and moving discourses, awakening the people to repentance, and especially disposing them to brotherly love and charity. The devotion was marked from the very first by the fruit of many wonderful conversions, and in a more particular manner by the reconciliation of private feuds, some of which had been hereditary from generation to generation, and many were so deeply rooted as to have appeared almost inveterate. Nevertheless, the influence of his eloquence in the presence of the blessed Sacrament again and again served to dispel them, and to knit in their stead the most close and enduring friendships. He went about, therefore, from town to town, principally in the north of Italy, every where establishing this form of devotion, not, as we have said, as a perpetual ordinance, but for forty hours only, during the whole of which time he often remained in the church, preaching continually at different intervals, and always with the same wonderful success. In one of these towns the Bishop publicly declared that he had extinguished a hundred quarrels during a single *quarant' ore*. At Pavia and Siena the harvest proved to be equally abundant; at Arezzo, before he arrived and the *quarant' ore* was begun, the domestic feuds had risen to such a fearful height, that many families had left the town, and there seemed a danger of the place becoming wholly depopulated; but such was the success of his preaching, that, when he paid them a second visit on his return from Siena, the clergy and magistrates went out to meet him in procession, hailing him as the second founder of their town. At Gubbio, where he found the inhabitants in daily expectation of a siege by the army of Pope Paul III., who was seeking to recover it from the unjust usurpation of Francesco della Rovere, duke of Urbino, he promised that, if they would celebrate the *quarant' ore* with great devotion, the Pope's army should never behold

the city, although it was already known to be in the immediate neighbourhood. In accordance with this prediction, the pontifical troops were snowed up at Assisi, and not long afterwards the contending parties came to some amicable arrangement of their dispute; whereupon, in token of their gratitude, the people made a decree that they would celebrate this devotion every year in the church of St. Francis at Christmas, at which time this deliverance had been granted them. At the same time it was ordered that one of the church-bells should be rung every day at noon, when the Pater noster should be recited five times, in addition to the Angelus.

Father Joseph himself died in the year 1556, and the Capuchins prosecuted the devotion which he had begun with great zeal; the people also took it up with so much fervour, that it was even necessary to regulate their forwardness in supplying wax and oil for lighting the altar on which the exposition was to be made: still it had not as yet any fixed and perpetual establishment. It was taken up, too, by some of the Italian bishops as a means of repairing the scandals committed during the last days of the carnival, that is, on the Monday and Tuesday before Ash-Wednesday; during the whole of which days the blessed Sacrament was therefore exposed with all possible magnificence, that so the faithful might go and pour forth their most earnest devotions in the immediate presence of their Lord, to make reparation for the forgetfulness, and, in too many cases, the flagrant wickedness also, of many professing Christians at that time. Different cities also had recourse to this devotion on all occasions of trouble or of imminent danger; as, for instance, Messina, in Sicily, when she had reason to apprehend an attack on the part of the Turks, A.D. 1551, and Velletri, in the States of the Church, when torn by civil strife in the year 1564. But it was to St. Charles Borromeo that we owe the first permanent establishment of the devotion in the city of Milan. That saintly prelate founded a confraternity or society expressly for this purpose; it was presided over by a priest who was to collect alms for this object, and to give notice to the people of the church in which it would be held, and of the order in which the members of the different families enrolled in the confraternity were required to be present at stated times to watch and to pray. If the alms collected by this priest exceeded what was requisite for the necessary expenses, the remainder was to be spent, according to the will of the Bishop, upon the purchase of some ornament belonging to the service of the Holy Eucharist, either in that church or in some

other that stood more in need of it. The men and women were arranged on different sides of the church; and by night no women were to be admitted, nor were the doors of the church therefore to be left open, but opened only from time to time to those who knocked for admission. If it were in the church of any monastery, then nobody at all was to be admitted by night, and the blessed Sacrament was to be restored to the tabernacle; and so also in the churches of the secular clergy, unless there could be found a sufficient number of men to come and pray before It. Two clerics, one of whom must be at least a deacon, were to watch and pray during the day, and at least one, in sacred orders, by night. Printed tablets of suitable devotions were to be attached to the rails of the altar for the use of poor simple people who had no books of their own, and were not able to give themselves up to the exercise of mental prayer. A short sermon was to be preached at the time when there was the largest number of people collected together, to excite them to meditation and prayer, and to supply them with proper subjects. At least six ecclesiastics were to be always present at the beginning and ending of the *quarant' ore* in any church. The devotion was to continue for forty hours exactly, neither more nor less, unless, indeed, it was necessary to prolong it in order that it might not be concluded in the night; and where it was kept up in many churches successively, it was to be begun in another church about an hour before the appointed time of its termination in the last, that so prayer might indeed be made without ceasing by the Church.

It will be seen, from this short sketch of the decrees upon this subject which were made by the Church of Milan during the episcopate of St. Charles, that he might almost be called the founder of the devotion in that city; certainly he seems to have been the first who conceived the idea of making it a perpetual devotion, and the rules which he laid down for the practical carrying out of this idea have served as a guide and a model ever since. In Rome, the new devotion found a most zealous and efficient advocate in St. Philip Neri. Even whilst he was not yet a priest, he persuaded his confessor to establish it in a church near the place where he was living, on the first Sunday in every month, and also during a part of Holy Week; and, like Father Joseph, he used to remain there himself during the whole time, and to preach with so much force and unction as to convert on one occasion thirty young men at once who had been living in habits of carelessness and sin. Twelve years afterwards, A.D. 1560, we have a Bull of Pius IV. confirming a confraternity *dell' Orazione*, or of

prayer (otherwise called *della Morte*, because they were devoted to the procuring medical and spiritual assistance for the sick, and to burying and praying for the dead), in the course of which he says, that this society having been moved by some heavenly inspiration, was in the habit of setting apart forty hours in every month, to be spent in prayer and watching, with exposition of the blessed Sacrament, in honour of the forty days during which our Lord prayed and fasted in the wilderness; and he allows and confirms this custom. The confraternity had begun in the church of San Lorenzo in Damaso; but having considerably increased, it was removed to the church of St. John the Evangelist. When Pius IV. confirmed it, he granted numerous indulgences to its members, and enabled them to move to any other church, with the consent of the rector for the time being; and the confraternity has remained ever since, even to the present day, having the exposition of the blessed Sacrament on the third Sunday and Monday in every month in their own church, the church of Santa Maria della Morte. Thirty years later, a Bull of Pope Clement VIII. established the devotion in its present form,—viz. as perpetual, continuing day after day, night after night, with an unceasing, untiring energy and zeal worthy of the mother and mistress of all churches; thus setting up in the Sion of Israel, in the very centre and citadel of all Christendom, a monument of perseverance in prayer, worthy of all honour and imitation.

In this Bull, after lamenting over the sad state of Christendom, especially the disturbed condition of France, the threatened invasion of the Turks, and the spread of heresies, the Holy Father goes on to declare that no human aid can be of any avail against such mighty and overwhelming evils; that there is no help, no refuge, no safety, but only in prayer, and that this is always powerful and availing in proportion to the number and fervency of the petitioners; for which purpose he ordains that, at least in this one city of Rome, prayer shall be made without ceasing day and night. “We are all poor,” he says, “and stand in need of God’s grace; without Him we can attain no good, escape no evil: ask, therefore, and you shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Pray for the Holy Catholic Church, that all errors may be put to flight, and that the one true faith may be propagated throughout the whole world; pray also that all sinners may be converted, and may not be swallowed up in the waves of wickedness, but be saved by the plank of repentance. Pray for the peace of kings and the unity of all Christian people. Pray for the afflicted kingdom of France, that He who rules over all nations, whose will

nothing can resist, may restore to that most Christian kingdom, which deserves so well of our holy religion, its ancient piety and tranquillity. Pray that those most fierce enemies of the faith, the Turks, who, inflamed with an audacious fury, do not cease to threaten ruin and slavery to all Christians, may be brought low by the right hand of God. Lastly, pray for ourselves also, that God may assist our weakness, that we faint not under so great a burden, but that He may grant us to be of profit to his people both by word and by example, and to fulfil the work of our ministry; that so, together with the flock committed to our unworthy charge, we may arrive at everlasting life through the sprinkling of the blood of that spotless Lamb which we offer daily upon our altar and present to God the Father, that He may look upon the face of His anointed, and spare us sinners through the intercession of our advocate the most holy Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and of all the Saints who reign with Christ in heaven." The Bull concludes with granting very liberal indulgences to those who should assist at this devotion, and ordains that it shall begin in the Apostolic Palace on the first Sunday in Advent in that year, in the presence of the Pope himself and of all the Cardinals and Bishops, and should be moved from church to church throughout the city of Rome, according to a plan to be afterwards laid down. This arrangement has continued ever since: each year, on the first Sunday in Advent, it is begun in the Pauline chapel in the Vatican; and each year is published the order in which it will be transferred from one church to another, often in the most distant parts of the town, throughout the whole year. Benedict XIV. added certain commands concerning the details of the devotion, which also are still in force; as, for instance, that there should always be two priests, or at least two persons in sacred orders, robed in surplices, kneeling before a bench on the lowest step of the altar, and the members of some confraternity or sodality of the blessed Sacrament, if there be one, before another: at night, however, one priest was sufficient. Moreover, it is required that there should be some sign or token put up somewhere in the neighbourhood, in the public streets (usually the representation of a monstrance), to denote where the devotion is going on; also, if necessary,—that is, if the church opens directly upon any principal thoroughfare, or for any other reason is easily liable to inspection by passers-by,—an additional curtain or mat is to be put up besides that which hangs ordinarily at the door, at some little distance, so that in no way could the blessed Sacrament be seen by those who were merely passing in the streets. No relics are to be exposed at the same time, and the pictures and images are all

to be covered; only the crucifix may be allowed to remain upon the altar, if Mass is to be said there; but Mass is *not* to be said excepting in case of absolute necessity, or when the *quarant' ore* is being removed to another church; and even if it is said, no bell is to be rung at the sanctus or at the elevation. If any sermon is preached (but this too is rather deprecated), it is to be delivered from the high altar in such a manner that neither priest nor people shall have occasion to turn their back on the blessed Sacrament. In a word, nothing is to be done that should tend to withdraw the mind of the worshipper from the most earnest adoration of his God, there present before his very eyes, under the veil of the eucharistic species; nothing is to be left undone that could add to the splendour or solemnity with which that presence should be surrounded. And this most beautiful and touching devotion is, as we have said, perpetual; it goes on day after day, and night after night, in one unwearied round, throughout the whole year, excepting only from the morning of Maundy Thursday to the following Sunday, during which days the Church is sorrowing for her lonely widowed state, her Lord having been taken from her; and it would be manifestly out of place that she should be at the same time proposing Him to public adoration, enthroned on high amid the blaze of hundreds of lights, and with all the pomp of regal magnificence.

Another form of devotion in honour of the blessed Sacrament, still more intense, if possible, and more touching even, than the *quarant' ore*, was introduced into the Church in the middle of the seventeenth century,—we mean the adoration of the blessed Sacrament in the same place, and we had almost said by the same persons, perpetually; that is, by the members of the same religious community succeeding to one another in regular rotation, hour after hour, both by day and night. The merit of having originated this devotion is attributed to Anne of Austria, queen of France, A.D. 1653; at least she it was, in connexion with other ladies of her court, who provided the means for carrying into practical effect the idea that had been first suggested (it is said) by a good priest of her acquaintance, named Picotté; and the person selected to be the foundress of this first community of Children of the most Holy Sacrament was a venerable religious of the Benedictine order, named Matilda.

At the age of seventeen, Catherine de Barr (for such was her name in the world) had been professed in the convent of the Annunciation at Bruyères, in Lorraine; but having been driven out from thence by the civil war that was devastating

that part of the country, she retired to a Benedictine convent at Rambervilliers. Here she became the mother superior of her house; but by and by she was again obliged to change her residence from the same cause as before: this time she removed to the Faubourg St. Germain in Paris; and here her rare gifts, both spiritual and intellectual, caused her to be well known to all the most devout inhabitants of the city. From her earliest infancy she had been distinguished by a very singular devotion to the crowning mystery of God's mercy and love in the holy Eucharist; and latterly she had conceived an ardent desire of offering to God all the reparation in her power for the outrages which were at that time continually perpetrated against it by the Huguenots. She had also inspired other pious and fervent souls with the same idea; and early in the spring of 1653, these all took possession of a house that had been built expressly to receive them, in the Rue Casselta, in the same Faubourg St. Germain. On Holy Thursday in the following year the Perpetual Adoration was solemnly commenced; the queen herself, and others who had co-operated with her in building and endowing the convent, assisting at the ceremony. The devotion soon spread into other parts of France, and also to Poland, Germany, and other countries. In 1659, Father Le Quien, a Dominican, succeeded in establishing a community of the same kind in Marseilles; and many Benedictine convents in various places have followed, sooner or later, the example that Mother Matilda thus originally set them. One in particular deserves our special commemoration. In 1652, just two years before the Perpetual Adoration was begun by the new community in Paris, a Benedictine convent had been founded in the same city, with the special object of praying and otherwise labouring for the conversion of this unhappy country of England; and the first prioress of the house was a lineal descendant of the glorious martyr Chancellor Sir Thomas More. The excesses of the French Revolution, at the close of the last century, drove this religious community to England, and they are now established at St. Benedict's Priory, near Rugeley, in Staffordshire. At the time they left France they had not yet adopted the institute of the Perpetual Adoration, though they had long desired it, nor were they able for some time after their arrival in this country to obtain the necessary consent of the proper ecclesiastical authorities for this purpose. At length permission was obtained from the Right Rev. Dr. Collingridge, Vicar Apostolic of the Western District, to which at that time they belonged (being settled at Cannington, near Bridgewater), and the institute was solemnly

opened on the 2d of February 1829. His Holiness Pope Gregory XVI. approved and confirmed it in July 1833, granting many important privileges and indulgences; and ever since that time there has been an unceasing oblation by the religious of that community, not only of prayers for the conversion of England, but also of humble acts of reparation for its incredulity and consequent irreverence in all that concerns this august mystery of the altar.

Both here, however, and in the other Benedictine convents on the continent that adopted this devotion of the Perpetual Adoration, it was undertaken as an addition to their original obligations; it was not the primary purpose of their institute. It was reserved to the present century to establish religious houses whose sole end and object should be this continual worship of *Gesu sacramentato*. Sister Mary Magdalen was born in a town of Tuscany on the shores of the Mediterranean in the year 1770, and at the age of sixteen became engaged, in obedience to her father's wishes, to a native of Sorrento, in the kingdom of Naples. During his absence, however, on a voyage to Constantinople, she received a vocation to a religious life, and entered a Franciscan convent in a town situated within the States of the Church. Here, whilst yet a novice, she was favoured with a supernatural vision, in which the whole course of her future life was revealed to her; how that God had chosen her to be the instrument of adding a new jewel to the already brilliant diadem of religious orders wherewith the Church is ornamented (*circumdata varietate*), and of establishing a new devotion in honour of the blessed Sacrament. The mother superioress of the Franciscan convent and others were witnesses of the ecstacy in which she was rapt whilst receiving this heavenly vision; and one of them lived to see the whole vision as she then related it (having been required to do so under holy obedience) exactly fulfilled. Our space will not allow us to enter upon the details of this nun's history; suffice it to say, that after combating with innumerable difficulties and persecutions, such as always fall to the lot of those holy souls who are called by God to the accomplishment of any great work, she succeeded in beginning the new institute at the church of San Carlo alle Quattro Fontane in Rome, in the month of September 1807; that it was suspended, and the holy nun herself and her companions driven out of the city in the course of the ensuing year, in consequence of its occupation by the French; and that when the Holy Father returned to his capital, she also returned with her community, and they resumed their holy duties of prayer and watching, which have never since been interrupted. She herself died on November 29,

1824, and the community has since been removed to a more convenient church and convent immediately opposite the Papal palace on the Quirinal; and within those hallowed walls two consecrated virgins are ever watching, day and night, to do honour to their hidden Lord in the holy Eucharist. By day the blessed Sacrament is exposed, by night It is within the tabernacle; but at all times these holy souls are engaged in prayer and meditation before It,—in meditation upon Him who has thus condescended to take up his abode for ever among the children of men; in prayer for themselves, for us, and for the whole Church. This most solemn devotion is practised in Turin as well as in Rome by nuns of the same order, and in Naples also by a community whose rules vary but slightly from those observed by the original foundation in the Eternal City; and these, we believe, are the only houses of the kind that have yet been established. It cannot be doubted, however, but that so holy and sublime an institute will find many chosen souls, scattered up and down in the wilderness of the world, who will be irresistibly attracted towards it, and that sooner or later it will increase and multiply according to the example of all the other religious orders, at once the ornament and the strength of the Church militant.

This chapter in the history of devotions that have been practised in honour of the blessed Sacrament would scarcely be complete, were we to omit all mention of the numerous lay associations, or confraternities, which have been established at various times, and under various constitutions, to effect this same object of Perpetual Adoration, though of course they are necessarily far less perfect, and in some measure less interesting, than the religious communities of which we have been speaking. The most ancient confraternity of the blessed Sacrament of which we have any account seems to have been established in Liege (by the canons of the church of St. Martin, whose connexion with the original institution of the feast of Corpus Christi our readers will not have forgotten) at some very early period in the sixteenth century. In the year 1539, Pope Paul III. established an arch-confraternity under this title in the Dominican church of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva in Rome, to which the confraternity at Liege and others, both of earlier and of later date, have since been aggregated. The general purpose of these associations was to do honour to the holy Eucharist in every possible way; to provide all that was requisite for the due celebration of Its festival, to accompany It with lighted torches when carried to the sick, &c. &c. The additional idea of constant adoration, as a duty of the members of these confraternities, in reparation of the horrible

insults and profanations practised by the Calvinists and other heretics, is said to have originated with St. John Francis Regis during his apostolic labours in Languedoc. The establishment of these associations formed a regular part of the missions of that indefatigable Saint in the mountainous country of the Velay and amongst the heretical villages of the Vivarez, and was every where attended with the happiest results. Similar confraternities were established in the diocese of Chartres in 1658, in Lyons in 1667, and soon afterwards in many different dioceses of Provence and Normandy. Popes Clement X. and Innocent XI. issued Bulls approving and confirming them, and endowing them with many indulgences and other privileges, in the years 1664, 1676, and 1678; and about fifty years afterwards, one was established in Rome itself, in the church of Sta. Maria ad Martyres, under the special sanction of his Holiness. Since that period, the devotion has had a rapid increase in every part of the world. In England, France, Germany, and Italy, Belgium and Holland, North and South America, in a word, throughout the whole length and breadth of the Catholic Church, there are every where established associations, more or less numerous, whose members bind themselves to spend a certain time every year,—an hour or half an hour, or whatever period may be assigned by the rules of each particular association,—in humble adoration of their Lord, present in the most holy Eucharist within the tabernacle on the altar; thus literally fulfilling the words of the royal Psalmist, *Semper tota die benedicant Ei.*

KATE GEAREY; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON.

CHAPTER IX. *The Marriage.*

SINCE the incidents recorded in the foregoing chapter, many were the good resolutions made by our heroine—made, alas, only to be broken! A hundred times had she “been off wid Florry,” a hundred times determined to give herself up to the priest; yet Lent had long passed, and her resolutions were still as the tree which, though loaded with foliage and blossom, produces no fruit. To Lent succeeded Easter; that too passed away. The indulgence was over, and Kate had neglected to approach the Sacraments, though it was not without a pang of remorse she found herself what is so emphatically termed “an out-church Catholic.” But the girl was young in

sin; it would not sit lightly at her heart; and to all Nell Sullivan's assurances that she would think nothing of "sich a thrifle" by and by, she only answered by a shake of the head and a deep-drawn sigh. It was a consolation—a miserable one, it is true, but still a consolation—to have others deem so lightly of her neglect; and although her not yet seared conscience bore testimony to the fallacy of their palliations, she eagerly sought the company of those who offered them, hoping thereby to stifle its upbraidings.

"It's of no use moping in that way, Kattie," said Florry Daly, as he found her one morning standing by the window, her hands idly clasped, and the big tears, as usual, coursing each other down her pale cheeks. "What's done can't be undone, if you cried quarts; an see the purty face you're afther spiling now. But answer me onst for all: do you intend to have me or not? becase if you don't, there are those that will, an not wait to be asked twice ayther." Kate hesitated; and Florry seeing his advantage, continued: "It doesn't shute me to be longer widout a wife an a smoke of me own, for raisons I have. The ind room where Winny Pratt died's to be let reasonable; for why? they're all feard of the cholera. I'll take it, an git the bits of sticks together as may be. The Burkes will lodge wid us; an if that's not betther than being plagued night an day wid Moll Carty's thricks an dhrunken vagaries, I'm not the boy I take meesilf for, that's all. Come, Kate, be a good girl; say yis at onst, an lave off this whimpering."

"But, Florry, the praste! I'm feard to go near him, an me afther neglicting me Easter dooty too."

"Thin don't go, my girl; stop a bit, an you can mak a clane breast all at onst, as it were."

"He'll niver marry us that way, Florry. I wish I'd taken ould Murphy's advice, an it ud all be over by now; an ralely I can't guess what you'll do ayther." This was said innocently and simply, but the tempter was at no loss for a reply.

"Oh, as to me, Kattie me darling, it's out of the question me thrying to face the clargy at prisint, so you must be said by me; we'll jist git married in church; the parson ull do it widout any bother, an we'll tell the praste of it aftherwards."

"Is it the parson you said?" inquired poor Kate, in a very doleful tone.

"Why, you needn't look so scared; havn't I mintioned it many times before? Now, jist humour me this onst, an you'll see what a downright illigant husband I'll make; an the first money I airn I'll buy you a red plaid shawl, that'll make Nill Sillivan cry wid spite; an you shall be married wid a ring of your *own*, lit me git it where I will."

"See that now," she answered, with a half smile. "I don't know what to do, Florry. To be sure, one scolding's betther than two, an they say Father Morgan preached very sevaré last Sunday night to those who hadn't been to their dooty this Easter; an thin, to be sure, whin I'm married, I needn't hurry meesilf; I'll have time to prepare properly; an praps, if I wint now, it's ownly putting me off he'd be, an"—

"In coorse you needn't plague yersilf till nixt year, an thin you'll have yer own room an yer own lodgers, an Moll Carty not always tazing you about that paltry thrifle of rint."

"That's throe for you," said Kate, whose scruples Daly had at length almost succeeded in removing; "an it's tired enuff I am of Moll Carty's droll ways; an for Nelly, there's small love between the pair of us."

"Sure you'll lit her be your bridesmaid, Kate, jist to vex her; an the Burkes ull go wid us, becuse I can cram their mouths, an the rist ud ownly be prating about the parson, an it ud come to the ears of the clargy."

"But what ull Mary say?" inquired Kate, dubiously.

"Niver mind what she says; you're a dale more cute than her, though she's tin years older. Now you look like yersilf again, so I'll tell you a bit of a sacrate: its jist meesilf that put up the bans unknownst, an they'll be out nixt Sunday, an we'll have it over on Monday, plase God. An now, do come an take a peep at the room, an thin sit about scouring a bit. I've a particler frind ull lind us a bed, an in less than no time it ull be fit for the king himsilf."

Kate had already yielded too much to make more than a very feeble opposition; her disposition, naturally pliant, had, when deprived of the stay of religion, become a mere reed, ready to be bent and twisted whenever it suited the convenience of one so unprincipled as Daly. Yet he really felt some sort of affection for Kattie; he was proud of her beauty, and prized her genuine artlessness just in proportion as his own character partook of its opposite. He also fully intended what he promised, namely, to be kind and indulgent to her; but he had forgotten to take into account his natural violence of character, which when stimulated by the effects of his almost nightly inebriation, produced paroxysms verging on insanity. Kate knew all this, but, like most inexperienced girls, flattered herself "it ud be all right whin onst they were married; and she didn't mind the jealousy, as long as he didn't sthrike her agin, an frighten the wits out of her." That she indeed must have had few wits left, was the unanimous opinion of the wiser and older inhabitants of the Buildings; and when

it was understood that the sun which rose so cloudless on that fair June morning ushered in Kate Gearey's wedding-day, her almost-forgotten friend, Mrs. Casey, gave audible vent to her discontent, whilst kindling a few sticks under the broken saucepan in which she was warming the cup of "tay for Tim, before going out wid the stall." "Well, I'm sure," soliloquised the good dame, "I thought Tim an meesilf were the biggest fules in creashion; but thin I was decaved: I was tould it was a scholard he was, and whin I found he ownly put the crass in the book, it was intirely too late. But this child! poor thing! if Tim would have bided in the 'house,' it ud niver have come to pass. It's nayther chick or bird of Moll Carty's hatching that turned up good. But I didn't believe she was such an omaudhawn ayther; it's a sorry widding whin yer good angel stands weeping at the doore of the *church* (as they calls it). Well, she's made her bed, an she must lie in it. Here, Tim, take yer tay;" and Mrs. Casey soon forgot her chagrin whilst administering his morning meal to her now bed-ridden husband.

A bright sunshiny morning in London is a melancholy thing: the dry dusty road literally smoking under the contents of the water-carts; the glaring white pavements; the long narrow streets, where one vainly seeks a shady side, and gasps for a breath of fresh air; the few yellow parched plants so ostentatiously displayed in long balconies and parlour windows, obstinately defying all the endeavours of the patent watering-pot to preserve a five minutes' verdure; and worse than all, the large formal squares, where the grass has long since attained the dingy colour of washed-out nankin. As to the people one meets, they are invariably cross and tired, with faces not unlike beet-root in a salad-bowl; the very dogs seem making a voyage of discovery to the nearest pump; there is a great demand for ices; and a few ill-fated bipeds pant and struggle under the weight of substantial dowagers making the tour of the inner circle of the Regent's Park in an invalid chair. If such be the effect on those who are more used to the city than to the country, what must it have been to one whose whole life, the last few months only excepted, had been passed in a land probably more favoured by nature than any other in the world?

Something of all this pressed on the heart of Kate, as she stood at the window and gazed out on the "hollow." She was looking very pretty in her clean cotton dress, nicely washed and ironed for the occasion by Mary Sheehan, who, however, steadily refused to accompany her to *church*. Her bonnet was certainly the worse for wear, and the dingy white ribbons had

been evidently picked up a bargain at some of those emporiums of second-hand finery with which London abounds; but the bonnet was not yet on, and Kate's bright tresses, smoothly twisted round her little head, gave it an elegant, even classical appearance. The red plaid shawl too lay on the bed beside her; yet she heeded it not. Her eyes filled with tears, and her thoughts were at that moment in the little cabin on the banks of the Awbeg,—her heart with Father Phelim. The whole of that long summer-morning she had been trying not to think, but it would not do: had it been wet, foggy, any thing but what it was, she might have succeeded; but now there was something in the clear azure sky which reminded her, whilst her eyes were fixed on it, of her distant home, of her mother's gentle voice and soft melancholy eyes; and her guardian angel whispered "it is not too late." One prayer, one little aspiration, might have saved her even then—plucked her from the very verge of ruin; but, alas! Kate had lost the habit of prayer. She looked downwards—the spell was dissolved: in lieu of the verdant valley of Castletown she beheld the dirty and unsightly mews, the round stones glowing in the scorching sun like so many spectres standing there to dazzle and blast the sight; even the little muddy stream was dried up; no solitary nook was in shadow; every object stood revealed in its native ugliness, and ugly enough they were. At the bottom of the steps was a group of rough, dirty children, mostly boys, quarrelling, fighting, and struggling for the possession of a poor little sparrow, which was confined by a string attached to one of its legs, and to which, by way of sport, they allowed a moment's liberty, and then pulled it violently back again. Their oaths and imprecations during this pastime would have been considered a disgrace by men three times their age; in fact, the point of rivalry seemed to be, who should excel in their knowledge, not of mere slang only, but of the foulest blasphemy, which was freely bandied from one young mouth to another. Just at this moment a boy, older than any of them, but with a remarkably simple cast of countenance, descended the steps, bearing in his hand a small basket full of primroses and violets, and attempted to pass through them. This was no other than the grandson of blind Murphy; who, though distinguished in the Buildings as the "natral," was yet a universal favourite from his quiet inoffensive disposition, and the cheerful unabated perseverance with which he wandered about the streets all day and late into the night, hoping by the product of his little wares to add to the comforts of his poor old grandfather, on whom he literally doted. It was evident Phil was very proud of the treasures

his basket contained; he had trudged many a long and weary mile before it was light to procure them. They and himself were both laid out to the best advantage; his old tattered clothes were stitched here and there, his face washed, and he had borrowed a "taste of Jack Burke's brush jist to betther" the appearance of the apologies for shoes, which were secured by packthread on his poor blistered feet; a few blue-bells ornamented his cap, and a large bunch of buttercups (the other flowers were too costly) graced his button-hole. A satisfied simper pervaded his countenance as, catching a glimpse of Kate at the window, he stood on tiptoe and kissed his hand more than once. His appearance was most opportune: the unfortunate bird had just expired in the hands of its tormentors, and their brutality was now transferred to as safe, because as harmless an object.

"Irish! Irish!" was the exulting exclamation; and as this was an epithet universally applied by the pupils of the ragged-school to the boys of the Buildings, it became evident the proceedings were about to assume a national character.

Phil gathered himself up: like all of weak intellect, he had a great dislike to be laughed at; but the recollection of his precious charge checked any outward demonstration of anger, and with a comical assumption of dignity he prepared to proceed on his way.

"Irish! Irish! I would not be Irish if it was ever so," repeated his persecutors. Phil paused, his cheek became very red; but he remembered blind Murphy's snuff-box hadn't a grain in it, so he pressed forward in silence.

"I say, Phil, what did you pay the priest for whitewashing you?" asked one of the ringleaders in a jeering tone.

"It's a lie! whoever told you that," exclaimed the boy, standing quite still, although grasping his basket very tightly.

"Do you give me the lie, you Bible-hating Papist? Which of you was it that dashed the tract in the face hof that 'ere cove of a missionary that goes among you, just has hif the Hirish ad souls to be sav'd hat hall, eh, Ned?" and he gave a very knowing wink, or rather a leer, at one of his companions.

"Yea, verily, they threatened to hang the holy man to the lamp-post," answered the young gentleman addressed, with a strong nasal twang, turning up the whites of his eyes in a manner which elicited peals of mirth from his companions, and might have been mistaken for an imitation of the said missionary expounding the Scriptures at the Sabbath-evening school, where master Ned regularly attended.

"What a lark it ud be if ve lugged that here chap hinto the school, hand sent him ome han hout han hout Protestant,

wouldn't hit though? I shouldn't wonder to see him preaching on a tub yet, hall for the benefit hof his benighted brethren's precious souls."

"He'd cut a capital figure of fun, an I'd hold the hat an gather the ha'pence. Come on, my fine chaps; he shall hear the Bible for once in his life;" and the elder boys prepared to seize poor Phil, whilst the younger capered around delighted with the sport, though not exactly knowing what it was all about.

The "innocent" struggled manfully, shouting for assistance; but before Kate had time to summon any one able to render it, his basket was snatched from him, and its contents first scattered on the ground, then savagely trampled under foot by his assailants. This was too much: he ceased to resist, and covering his face with his hands, burst into an agony of tears. So passive a victim soon ceased to afford amusement to the young ruffians; one by one they departed, Ned picking up a large flint, and hurling it as he did so at the still sobbing Phil. Kate uttered a shriek; and just as one or two of the men hastened down the steps to his assistance, the affectionate yet excitable creature fell on the lowest, bathed in his own blood. He was borne insensible to the large room, and laid on one of the settles. Kate, however, was hurried by Florry from amongst the crowd who gathered round him; whilst Nell Sullivan sneeringly remarked, "She had better make a little more haste, if it was married this marning she mint to be." When they had cleared the mouth of the Buildings, Jack Burke felt her sink heavily on his arm: he looked in her face, it was deadly pale; and in answer to their inquiries, she pointed to her left hand, on which was a deep red stain fresh from the temples of poor Phil Murphy. Miss Sullivan laughingly wiped it off with her handkerchief; the girl tried to smile, but an unaccountable gloom had taken possession of the whole party, and they proceeded in silence to the church. This little incident had not, however, escaped the observation of Norry; as Kate passed the stall, she pursed-up her lips, drew her feet under her, and clutching the bride's dress with her shrivelled hand, exclaimed eagerly:

"Kattie avourneen, be ruled by me; sure an it's an ill omen intirely. Go back wid you, me darlint; an don't you let the ring go where the red blood is scarce dhry, there's nayther luck nor grace ull follow where you're going, that's sartain;" and she continued mumbling to herself long after they were out of sight.

Kate's depression was of short duration; she busied herself in conjecturing what sort of place a Protestant church could

possibly be, what she would have to say and do, when her cogitations were terminated by their coming in sight of a handsome, lofty edifice, with a gravel-walk in front, divided from the road by light iron palisades, whilst on the remaining three sides it was surrounded by a garden with fine trees, now in full verdure and beauty. Kattie was awe-stricken, and following her companions in silence, ascended the steps. After pushing aside the doors of crimson-cloth thickly studded with nails of shining brass, the whole party stood in the nave of the building. Kate looked about in vain for the holy-water stoup; and not finding it, crossed herself devoutly, to the great annoyance of the bridegroom elect, and the infinite amusement of the woman who was dusting the seats and shaking up the luxurious cushions in the high comfortable-looking pews.

"Remember where you are, Kate," whispered Florry, with some annoyance in his tone; "come, make haste: I wonder where the parson is!" he exclaimed; and addressing a portly red-faced functionary, he explained his errand in a few words, seconding his argument, to her great astonishment, by a coin which, unless her eyes deceived her, bore a strong resemblance to half-a-crown. "Sit down and wait a bit," said the man, with a sort of surly politeness. "I s'pose one of the curates will be here directly: this way, my dear," and he favoured our heroine with a prolonged stare, which would have put her completely out of countenance, had she not been engaged looking about for the altar, and wondering where it could possibly be. True, there was something at the end which was rather like one, but there was no tabernacle, no lights, no sanctuary-lamp, no images of saints; and she would have been completely puzzled to know its use, and find out what they did there, when she made what she considered a grand discovery.

"Ah, look now, Florry!" she exclaimed eagerly; "an it's quare ideas the Pradestants have of their saints, ony way. Sure an how can they mintion that beautiful image of the blessed Virgin in our own Catholic chapel (which makes us think of our prayers whin our heads ud be running on follies) in the same breath wid those ugly-looking bastes that are jist about murthering one another, an ud scare me out of me wits if I were to meet thim alone!"

"We do not worship the Virgin Mary, young woman," said the pew-opener pompously; "nor do we dethrone the Creator to exalt the creature: we allow no graven images in our churches, no statues of Popish saints."

"Thin are those strange figures the pictures of *Pradestant* saints?" inquired Kate; "why they're jist like the things I saw outside the shows at the fair. I dar'n't say my prayers be-

fore them ; becase," she added, as if fearful of giving offence, " I'm feerd they'd not mind me to be humble an obedient, like our own dear Lady ;" and her eyes involuntarily filled with tears.

" Why, the girl's an idiot !" said the beadle, with more indulgence than he might have manifested had the offender been less pretty. " One would think she had never been inside a church before : bless your heart, that be's the royal arms of England, and those be's the lion and unicorn." Our little heroine was as wise as ever ; but the entrance of the curate who was to perform the ceremony terminated the dialogue, fortunately before the religious zeal of the female official had been thoroughly aroused.

The minister was a young man, evidently in a great hurry, and out of humour at having to do duty : he had been invited to a *déjeûner* at Twickenham, where he was to meet a lady into whose good graces he fancied he had polka'd himself the preceding evening, and with whose hand he hoped to obtain a tolerable slice of church preferment. Scarcely deigning to cast a glimpse at the party, he addressed the beadle :

" Going to be married, Mr. Townley ? Ah, well ! Very provoking ; can't be helped, though. Get it over as soon as possible ; no time to be lost : come along. Catholics, eh ? I thought so ;" and hurrying into the vestry, he returned without loss of time in a very dirty white gown, and standing by the rails of the Communion-table, hurried over a form of words which, though they *were* English, Kate neither heard nor understood. It certainly claimed no affinity to a " religious rite," much less to any marriage she had ever assisted at ; but when she found the ring on her finger, and was told she was the wife of Florry Daly, the sin of which she had been guilty seemed to strike her in its full enormity ; hanging down her head, she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

" What's the girl crying for ?" asked the clergyman, as he prepared to enter their names in the register which was kept in the vestry.

" Becase I've lost all the binifits of the Sacrament, an can niver git them now ; an sure how'll I expict to prosper at all ?"

" Benefits of the Sacrament ? why, you foolish girl, who ever heard of marriage being a Sacrament ? But I forgot—you are a Romanist, and I hav'n't time to waste talking now. Let me see : Kate Gearey, spinster, aged seventeen ; Florry Daly, bachelor, aged twenty-eight ?"

" No, sir ; it's a widower I am."

" Widower ? Indeed ! Now sign your names, and do pray be quick." All, Daly excepted, protested their inability. The

bride and witnesses having accordingly affixed their crosses, the clergyman hurried away, leaving the wedding-party to follow as they pleased. On quitting the church, our heroine breathed more freely; and but for the ring, would have had some difficulty in persuading herself the whole was not an illusion. Daly, on whose arm she now leant, was unusually thoughtful; but Burke and Nelly rattled away, talking enough for all. When they reached the corner of the square, Norry was no longer at her post; a circumstance which, though almost unprecedented, Kate attributed to the old woman's not wishing to see them return. On entering the Buildings, she quickened her pace, as Phil Murphy's accident flashed across her mind; her impatience becoming at last so great that she let drop Florry's arm, and rapidly ascending the stairs, reached the room where he lay before the others were hardly aware of her absence. A confused clamour of voices saluted her ear, and some strange ceremony was evidently proceeding, in which Moll Carty was the presiding priestess. Motionless and ghastly from loss of blood, the boy was stretched at full length on the bed; by his side crouched his old blind grandfather, the very image of meek resignation, the big tears escaping from his sightless lids, and coursing each other in rapid succession down his furrowed cheeks. Mary Sheehan, Biddy Sarchfield, and Mrs. Casey stood around, all eyes engaged watching the operations of the Sibyl; though the tongues of both Mary and Norry loudly proclaimed their disbelief in her skill. The patient's chest was bare; on it the fortune-teller had placed a penny, on which stood an end of lighted candle, and the whole was covered with a broken tumbler. On this she continued to gaze with intense interest, muttering some gibberish, which she informed her auditors was the charm. "Wait till the candle burns out, thin give me the nine coppers, Murphy, an it's yersilf ull see the bone riz; an it ull be done the nine mornins, an thin it's meesilf ull warrant the cure." The broken-hearted man, almost in his dotage, fumbled in his pocket for the few pence; and although they were his last, placed them in the hand of the crone; whilst Mrs. Sheehan impatiently exclaimed, "It's not nine days, or nine hours ayther, he'll be alive, if you don't stay the bleeding; best sind to the house for a dochter, an lave this fuling; for it's a praste you'll soon be wanthing, or my name's not Mary Sheehan."

"A praste ud spile the *charm*," interrupted Mrs. Carty, in an oracular tone; "it ud be more convanient if he were moved into the little room there, an he'd be out of the merry-making to-night; for Florry ull trate us all, in coorse."

"There's some sinse in that," said Norry; "but for yer docthering, Mrs. Carty, me father's ould cow ud know bettther than to cure a broken head by making a light-house of the chist." This difference of opinion, which might have terminated as most Irish differences do, was cut short by the men, who, lifting the mattress, conveyed the poor sufferer tenderly enough into the inner room, laying him on the bed hitherto occupied by Kate Gearey.

Mrs. Carty's prophecy was fulfilled: Florry did "trate thim" all that night; and the scene of action was redolent not alone of tobacco and beer, but of whisky-punch itself! Blind Murphy was, however, absent—he remained fixed by the side of his boy; and even the bride herself was to be seen oftener hovering round the couch of the patient creature, with whom she was an especial favourite, than filling the post of honour assigned her as mistress of the revels.

"Kattie, child! jist see if it's asleep he is," said old Murphy, humbly; "he feels very still intirely, but I hav'n't the use of the eyes: how does he look now, darlint?"

"He luks very pale, Murphy, an breathes quite softly. What did the docther say to Pat?"

"He said he'd call whin he came his rounds to-morrow; so I sint for Father Morgan: for it's in great dread of the nite I am. But don't you stay here, Kattie, for may be it ull anger Florry; an if he changes, it's jist convaniant you are."

Kate reluctantly departed; and as she sipped the punch poured out for her by the bridegroom, her thoughts wandered still to the next room, and her eyes filled with tears as she wondered what blind Murphy would be able to do without his grandson.

"It's a burrying, not a wedding, you seem to have been at to-day, *Mrs. Daly*," said Nell, pertly, and with a marked emphasis on the name. "Thrubbles ull come soon enough, I'll warrant, widout yer meeting thim half way."

"It ud be more to yer credit, Nell, if you demaned yersilf more dacently, an poor Phil Murphy dying in the nixt room to you: it's no feeling you iver had excipt for yersilf; an that's not overmuch, if we may guess by yer conduct."

"Yer right, Mary," said Pat, approvingly; "I hope God will reward you, Kate; but for the young rascal who pitched the stone, I'll be even wid him, an tache him to murther an honest man's child."

"You'd bettther wait till yer sober, Pat Sheehan," said his wife impressively. Thus admonished, her lord and master hung his head, although the discussion was angrily carried on by the rest, Phil being, as we have already said, beloved by them all.

"This cums of having thim whining, canting missioners amongst us," said Jack Burke; "an I tell you onst for all, Mrs. Flanneghan, if I catch any of thim here, I'll not lave a whole bone in his skin; I'll sarve thim as Maurice Kelley did last Sunday, an no mistake."

"How was that?" inquired Florry; "Maurice isn't one to be thricked or talked over, that's sartain."

"Why, you know, Maurice lives in a garret in the turn-court, an has as fine an attic full of childer as you'd meet in a fine summer's day. Now, you see, the school in the 'Hollow' wasn't so well attinded as they wished; the childer were here to-day an gone to-morrow; an though they talked big enough of the numbers that cum into the school, they forget, somehow, to mintion how many go out of it. They've done all they could lately, to be shure: they tould lies of the clargy, poked books undher the doores, invited all the dif ould women to have the Scripters read to thim; still they couldn't manage Maurice. At last they got a pracher who calls himself Irish, an says he, 'Me fine chaps, blud's thicker than wather; I'll convart all the Grakes, an Cockneys too, you'll see.' So he packed a bundle of Scripters undher his arm, an there's scarce a hole in the coorte where he hasn't inthroduced himsilf, in an out, like a hen on a hot griddle; and whin the peepel are sick, he watches till the neybours are gone, thin in he pops, whips out his book, and bawls away like a good 'un: so the min all vowed to duck him in the will, if ever they caught him. Well, on Sunday he bided his time; he thought Kelley was out, an detarmined to thry his luck wid the ould woman an childer; so up he sneaked two pair of stairs, an knocks quite saftly at the doore. It seems no one heerde it; so he opened it, an takin off his hat, was jist goin to open his mouth too, whin who should he see but Maurice feeding his youngest child wid bacon an cabbage, an no bad thing ayther. Maurice stared a moment, down wid the girl off his knee, up wid his fist, an bolt to his visiter. The missioner was a leetle surprised, an not havin a spache ready, 'pitched a tune.' So Kelley, not wanthing music, kicked him down the two flights into the coorte, he singing all the time, though he cut fast enuff whin his feet touched dhry land."

"What's he like?" inquired Florry, laughing.

"Like himsilf, to be sure; folkes do say he was a Catholic onst, an that makes the peepel more bittther aginst him."

Muttered threats against missioners, ragged-schools, and all who allowed their children to frequent them, "pawning their sowls to the divil, becace they hadn't courage to sill thim outright," were aimed at Mrs. Flanneghan, who sat in bodily

fear her husband might illustrate his arguments in a manner more forcible than pleasing, when a gentle rap at the door occasioned a momentary pause among the orators, whose eloquence had been considerably improved by the frequency and strength of their potations. Though not at the moment gifted with remarkable clearness of vision, they could yet discern the intruder to be a stranger, below the middle height, with a profusion of chestnut hair, mild blue eyes, and a peculiarly unassuming and pleasing expression of countenance; he was very young too, and certainly unaccustomed to so noisy an assembly as that he now encountered.

"Talk of the divil, his horns appear," roared Burke, springing to his feet. "By St. Patrick, it's the missioner; I seed him in the Buildings jist now. Turn him out, boys! turn him out!" and some words were exchanged in Irish which sent the blood from the cheeks of Kate.

"Is there not a person sick here?" inquired the stranger, endeavouring to advance.

"Hear that, now," ejaculated Sheehan. "His tongue's thruer than his heart, I'll warrant."

"How long is it since you cast yer skin?" inquired Burke, seconding the question by an energetic shove, which caused the slight frame at which it was levelled to reel for a moment.

"For whom do you take me?" he gently asked. "I came to see one Phil Murphy, who is ill."

"For a Methodist baste, you decaver—an tak *that* for your pains;" and Florry in his turn aimed a blow, which, but for his own unsteadiness, would have proved a severe one.

"One word, my men," continued the stranger, firmly; "you have been drinking; but I tell you at once, I am a Catholic priest, come to see the sick man." There was a momentary lull; but Daly, further gone and more reckless than the rest, answered, "Yer no sich thing: don't I know all the clargy, God bless thim! an do you think it's the likes of me that ud touch a praste? God forbid! I'll pay you off for that lie with the rest, you parvaring vagabond! Where's Father Morgan, thin?"

"Father Morgan is ill," answered the young man. "If you kill me, I must do my duty;" and he moved towards the door of the inner room.

"An you don't go that way, me boy," said Jack Burke, exchanging another short sentence in Irish with Daly. Kate sprang forward, and hurriedly exclaimed:

"For the love of the Blessed Virgin, not that way, sir! or they'll have you into the will; the dhrink's in thim to-nite."

The intended victim crossed himself devoutly: that action

saved his life. The ringleaders drew back, though Florry, who had not heeded it, kicked out with such force, that, losing his balance, he fell backwards, and was rendered harmless, at least for the time. It was at this moment the outer door opened, and Maurice Kelley, who had been invited to the feast, entered with evident surprise at the warlike aspect of the revellers.

"Come here, Maurice Kelley, an tell us is this the pracher?" said Sheehan, rather dubiously.

"The pracher?" exclaimed Kelley, taking off his hat respectfully; "why, man alive, it's Father Horton. Long life to your riverince!"

"Father Horton? a praste! *an I sthruck him!*" said Burke, falling on his knees, and thumping his breast. "Oh, yer riverence, forgive me, an I promise to chop off the hand that was riz against the clargy, for it's no good it ull iver do me agin."

"That were indeed useless," said the young priest kindly; "for your conduct to myself I have nothing to forgive, since it proceeded from a mistake; but you must ask pardon of Almighty God for offending him by such scenes as the present, and a fellow-creature so near to you on the verge of eternity."

"An," stammered Florry, trying to rise, "I promise nixt time yer riverince visits us, to take you on me back an carry you over the coorte, like a baste that I am, for kicking you."

"Your legs do not at present seem capable of supporting yourself. Now be as quiet as you can; and may God bless and reform you all." The door closed behind Father Horton; and when he returned, a good hour afterwards, most of the men were snoring on the floor, their slumbers enduring until late the following morning. Kate and Mary watched with the blind old man by the suffering Phil; and so ended the day of Kate Gearey's ill-omened marriage.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

*On the social Advantages that may be anticipated from a dogmatic Definition of the Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.**

I.

MANY persons have thought it strange that the supreme Pastor of the Church during his exile at Gaeta, whither he had been driven by the vast and terrible revolutions which then agitated Europe, and more particularly Rome, should have selected that precise moment for taking the sense of the universal Church, through the organ of the entire Catholic Episcopate, upon a question purely dogmatic, and, as it would at first sight appear, far from having any bearing upon the tempest which at that time shook the world. Pius IX., by his Encyclical of February 2, 1849, enjoined the Bishops both to pray themselves, and to cause the faithful of their respective dioceses publicly and solemnly to pray, for light from Almighty God, and then to reply to his letter and to tell him what was the belief of the faithful, and what their love and devotion for the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, and what was the desire felt by the Bishops and their people on the subject of that mystery being defined as an article of faith by the Holy See. Secondly, he enjoined the Bishops to give their opinion on the desirableness and opportuneness of such a dogmatic definition being made at the present moment.

The impulse thus given by an exiled Pope was followed by a number of pastoral letters and conferences, by much prayer and study, and then by the required answers. Throughout the stormy year 1849 and during a part of 1850, whilst Europe was being agitated by seditions and revolts, by civil and foreign wars, there was going on within the bosom of the Church, which in many places was itself the subject of these agitations, prayer, discussion, and consultation; and finally an answer was given to the Vicar of Jesus Christ on the subject of the common belief of this mystery, and of the desirableness of dogmatically defining it. The answers, which were almost all written and for the most part sent during the time of the revolution, were all received by the beginning of 1851;

* The following article is taken from a recent number of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, a magazine published by the Jesuits in Rome, and generally understood to be under the especial sanction of his Holiness. In addition therefore to its own intrinsic interest and value, this document may also be looked upon as bearing almost an official character. We translate from the *Univers*.

and taken all together, they present the appearance of a dispersed council. They are about 500 in number; but the Bishops whose advice they contain are far more numerous, for one letter is sometimes signed by the Bishops of a whole province, or even kingdom. There is no language, or tribe, or people, or nation, which is not in some way represented in these documents; from Corea and the western coasts of Japan to the regions of Peru and California, from the northern shores of the Baltic to Australia and the Cape of Good Hope. The belief, the sentiments, and the wishes of two hundred millions of Catholics could not be attested in a manner more worthy or more authentic.

We have had occasion to study these documents attentively. With regard to the first question of the Encyclical, relating to the belief of the faithful in this mystery and their devotion towards it, the testimony of the Bishops is unanimous, firm, and decided. The belief, they say, is universal; on this point there is no hesitation either amongst the people or the clergy; and, saving a few rare exceptions, the desire to see this mystery dogmatically defined is equally general. Twenty-nine Bishops perhaps out of thirty write in this strain, and testify both their own conviction and desire.

We leave to theologians the care of examining whether a feeling so universal and unanimous amongst the faithful, and one may say amongst the entire Catholic episcopate, furnishes a sufficient motive and argument for a dogmatic definition; it is for them to judge whether the obscurity, whatsoever it be, in which are veiled the beginnings of the tradition relative to this belief, is sufficiently compensated by the universality and unanimity of the actual belief; whether what the Church has hitherto done, both by the solemn feasts which she celebrates and by the decree in which she expressly excepts the Blessed Virgin from the universal law of original sin, can now justify this last step. For ourselves, we abstain from passing any judgment on the purely dogmatic question, on which persons more specially versed in such studies will pronounce. We await with calm and respectful silence the supreme judgment of the Holy See, and shall carefully abstain from forestalling the opinion which will by and by be given with authority by those to whom the care has been confided of examining the purely theological question.

It is only on the second question of the Encyclical that we shall permit ourselves to make some observations, because that is a question which belongs to our own especial branch of study, and because that alone has met with a sort of opposition from some Bishops, few in number it is true, but

of grave authority, and—which is of greater importance—for reasons which deserve to be weighed with the most serious attention. This second question relates to the opportuneness and advisableness of such a dogmatic definition under existing circumstances. Now, very excellent prelates have thought that, should this definition be made in order to satisfy the holy desire of pious persons, it might expose the Church to new calumnies on the part of her adversaries, as though she fabricated new dogmas; and, on the other hand, they have thought that at a moment when there seems a universal tendency in all heterodox nations to join themselves to the centre of Catholic unity, it might perhaps be a new obstacle in the way of those heretics who are disposed to be converted, if they were to see the Church impose upon them as of obligation a belief which hitherto she had simply left to the piety of the faithful.

These considerations appear to us the more weighty, inasmuch as this faculty which the Church possesses of defining a truth as of faith, being the greatest power which can be exercised over man, it would seem as though its exercise were not altogether left without limits, and that these limits can only be determined by the precise necessity of preserving intact the deposit of the faith. This is the induction which we seem to draw from the facts of history: for it does not appear that the Church has ever defined a dogma except for the sake of condemning a contrary error; certainly it does not appear that she has ever done it for the sake of honouring any object of fervent devotion, or of satisfying the pious desire of the faithful, however ardent and universal. It might seem, then, as though the very universality and firmness of the belief in this mystery, which are attested by the whole episcopate, so far from calling for a definition, should rather produce the contrary effect; for they prove precisely that this definition is not needed; and, as we have just said, necessity alone, according to our notion, should determine the exercise of this power, the greatest of all that have been accorded by Jesus Christ to his Church.

On the whole, then, it may be said, that there needs some error, some heresy as to this admirable privilege of the Blessed Virgin, to make the dogmatic definition of the privilege itself necessary for the condemnation of such error or heresy. Thus the divine maternity and the perpetual virginity of Mary, though they were firmly and universally believed by the faithful from the earliest times of the Church, would perhaps never have been dogmatically defined by councils, if blasphemers and impure heresiarchs had not been found to combat them.

For the same reason, however ardent may be the desire of the faithful for a dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception, the mind shrinks before the question of its present desirableness and opportuneness, or at least it hesitates before deciding in the affirmative. Besides this, in times when the human intellect is going so strangely astray, and the Catholic body is infested by a flood of theoretical and practical errors to a degree which makes one fear a tyranny of error and the invasion of a new barbarism, it would seem to be at least inopportune that the Church should occupy herself with making a definition about a truth which no one denies, and of which the heterodox, the half-Catholic, and the demagogue do not even think; and should the definition be made, it would only cause them to think of it, that they might turn it into ridicule by their sarcasms and their blasphemies.

Such are the reasons which seem to tell against the question of opportuneness; nevertheless (which seems at first sight most strange) the very facts, which, when taken together, give such force to these reasons, namely, the attacks to which the Church is now exposed, are precisely those which induce a great number, we may say the majority, of the Bishops, as well as a very large number of the best instructed and most pious amongst the faithful, to decide in favour of the opportuneness of the desired definition. They believe and affirm that its effect would be to dissipate the darkness of modern errors, to bring back the wanderers to the right road, and to give a mortal blow to the infuriated enemies of Jesus Christ and of his Church. And hence it is incredible what earnest supplications they make to the chair of St. Peter, and by what ardent prayers they implore the supreme Pontiff, to put an end to all delays, and to come at once to the definition they sigh after, and from which they do not hesitate to prophesy the re-establishment of order throughout the world. We are well aware that such a persuasion may have its origin only in a filial confidence towards the Mother of God, the faithful having a firm conviction that the more fervent, devout, and confiding they are in their homage to her, the more generous she will be in her protection of them. It may be, however, that this universal sentiment of deep confidence, knit up (so to speak) with the dogmatic definition of this special privilege, may have some reason more elevated, more mysterious, and more profoundly logical, than the mere general one which we have named, and which would be applicable to *all* homage rendered to our Blessed Lady. If between the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception, and the condemnation *en masse* of all the monstrous errors which in our days infest

the world, there be some close tie and intimate relation, of such a nature that one of these two things cannot take place without the other, should we not be authorised in recognising in this sentiment of the Bishops and the faithful, not only a burst of devotion and an unlimited confidence in the protection of the Blessed Virgin, but also a new proof of what may be called the *supernatural logical sense* with which the Church is gifted, and by which, under the directing action of the Divine Spirit, she sometimes discerns between the diverse truths of the faith that intimate and hidden tie which pious people *feel*, but cannot reason upon, which they affirm with undoubting faith, but of which they have scarcely an explicit or definite consciousness? May we not say too that the terrible circumstances under which the sovereign Pontiff conceived and matured this design, whilst the faithful by their prayers obtained for him greater light, and the Bishops confirmed him in his project by their studies and replies, all in this affair seems conducted by a mysterious providence? In the very moment when the Church was suffering under the practical consequences of the prevailing errors, guided by a hidden hand, she was forging and polishing, as it were, the powerful weapon by which she was at once to condemn and crush them.

Now, if we are not deceived, we recognise in this connexion, this intimate relation between two objects at first sight so different, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception and the condemnation of all the modern errors, a tie not only reasonable but even necessary; so much so, indeed, that the definition of this dogma may be considered as the most powerful and the most opportune barrier which can at the present time be devised to oppose the invasion of heresy, whether open or secret. If this be so, then the doubt as to the opportuneness of the definition vanishes at once, because there would clearly appear to be a real necessity for it. Heretics, far from experiencing in this definition a new obstacle to their conversion, would find in it new encouragement; for they would see by what simple means the Church guards the integrity of the faith against a phalanx of errors, before which not only their own sects, but the whole world seems to stand still and to be silent. Moreover, the sarcastic laugh of the impious ones who scoff at the Church, because, say they, amidst such an outpouring of doctrines she busies herself about Conceptions and Hearts,—this infernal laugh, we repeat, will die away on their lips when they see that yet again this time, according to the promise of God, it is the foot of the lowly Virgin of Nazareth that crushes the head of Lucifer, their chief and master.

But does there really exist between these two objects a tie so intimate, a relation so close, that the dogmatic definition demanded by the faithful necessarily includes that condemnation of errors which is imperatively called for by the condition of modern times? We think so; and we proceed to give the reasons for our conviction, requesting our readers to supply, by their own intelligence and reflection, what may be wanting in the fulness of a demonstration which our limited space precludes us from giving in its fullest development.

II.

Every one knows how for the last three centuries, that is to say, ever since the appearance of Protestantism, the war of Satan against the Church has assumed the most gigantic proportions. The mystery of iniquity goes on developing and manifesting itself more and more with a continually increasing energy and universality, preparing the way for the man of sin, who shall be revealed in the end of time. From this grand heresy has sprung Rationalism; at first, theological Rationalism, then theological and philosophical; by and by, theological, philosophical, and political; and now at last, theological, philosophical, political, and social. The heresy of Luther, the philosophy of the last century, the French revolution, and modern Socialism, are but the four ages, the four epochs, as it were, of one and the same system, which has received no new idea from any one of them, but simply an ulterior development of itself, each later development containing all the characteristics of those which have gone before it. This Rationalism is built upon ideal Pantheism, which it applies to every thing that concerns man in his religious and social capacity, either theoretically or practically; and hence it forms a vast system of error, attacking and corrupting religion and morals, the arts and sciences, literature and politics, the family, and, in a word, every thing upon earth; threatening to raze to the very foundations the whole fabric of human society, with the intention of constructing it afresh after some Utopian model, and giving it a new *organisation humaine*. The zealous and indefatigable executives, as it were, of this theoretical system of impiety are the innumerable modern sects, who apply themselves in every possible way to realise it, and who may be said to form a priesthood, apostolate, and hierarchy, diametrically opposed to the priesthood, apostolate, and hierarchy of the Catholic Church. The secret societies too, although exclusively political in all outward semblance, have all of them an anti-Catholic tendency more or less explicit, the same that has been mentioned above; for even the sects them-

selves are only blind instruments in the hands of the principal leaders; and these, it may be, have really a religious, far more than a political aim in what they do.

The fundamental principle of this Rationalism in all its thousand forms is this,—the Deification of the human reason, which they raise, first above all dogma, then above truth, and finally identify with God; yes, even with God, whom they liken to the great whole, and who, they pretend, exists principally, and makes a personal revelation of Himself, in mankind collectively, individual specimens of humanity being only minute portions of Him, or finite and transient manifestations of Him. The inevitable consequence of this monstrous system, or rather its necessary logical foundation, is the absolute denial of original sin, the Catholic idea of which is either denied as a pure fable or transformed into a simple myth. According to this system, man is free from corruption, is perfect and holy by nature; consequently there can be nothing in him by nature which is not pure, holy, and perfect. If in process of time he appears miserable and degraded, this is to be attributed to the fault of social and religious laws which have spoilt him; against these, therefore, it is necessary that we should wage war, in order to deliver the whole human race, and to reconstruct it in a state of perfection, according to a new system of morals, a new science, a new Church, a new and universal association of all mankind. Hence it is that they so frequently speak of *the future destinies of mankind*, of *men of the future*, of *a new emancipation*, and even *redemption of mankind*. These forms of speech are absolutely without meaning, unless taken in the sense we have indicated above. They further assert that all the instincts of man, of whatever kind, are good and divine; and consequently that he ought to be wholly disengaged from every trammel, whether material or moral, which would hinder their full development and perfect satisfaction. Hence follows, as a necessary consequence, the entire freedom of the flesh, the unrestrained liberty of woman, and the annihilation of property and of every domestic relation. Man is completely independent; human nature alone is essentially supreme; and the will of mankind, therefore, is the only law that the world ought to recognise: its sovereignty is the only legitimate power; every other sovereignty is mere usurpation and tyranny, from which people should take care to emancipate themselves at all costs. Our ultimate destiny, our highest bliss, is to be found here below, and we shall arrive at it by an indefinite and inevitable progress. Since, then, there was no necessity to redeem man from any fault, Christ was only a human philosopher (*un philosophe humanitaire*), and His mission was purely one of

civilisation, and belonging to this earth. By and by people attributed to Him the prerogatives and characteristics of God-human-nature (*Dieu-humanité*, for this is how they interpret the name of God-Man, or Man-God), in order to make of Him an ideal perfection; consequently His history is a mere collection of myths. This is a faithful summary of the principal dogmas of this diabolical system; and the applications to which it naturally lends itself are most wicked and horrible. If any one doubts this, let him read the writings that have been published by German Transcendentalism and French Eclecticism.*

Side by side with this abominable system there has sprung up a kind of *semi-Rationalism*: it is held by certain pseudo-Catholics of the present day, principally Italians; whether in good or bad faith, we will not inquire. These men, without professing to follow or to encourage the errors of the system already described, have nevertheless many points of contact with it, and teach doctrines which, when rigorously pressed to their logical conclusion, infallibly lead to the same horrible falsehoods as we have just been speaking of.

They do not, indeed, in so many words, deify the human reason, yet they attribute to it a sovereign dignity; and although they profess a desire to reconcile it with faith, yet in fact they give it an absolute supremacy over faith. *In words* they admit a double order of things, the natural and supernatural; but when they come to explain them, they confound and identify the one with the other. They do not deny original sin; but practically they disown its effects, and disapprove of the mortification of the flesh, as well as of every other ascetical exercise which savours of restraint and subjection for the senses of man, or of expiation for his soul. They acknowledge the happiness of the world to come; but they will have it that its principal means and its beginning consist in a search after a material happiness here below. The cause, the source, and the guardian of this happiness is, they say, the Catholic religion; they will not have that religion on any other terms: on the contrary, they are ready to renounce it, if they cannot make it an instrument for procuring this earthly happiness. They recognise a tribunal of

* The narrow limits we have imposed upon ourselves for the present article do not allow us to cite the authors, still less the lengthy extracts which would be necessary to give a complete exhibition of the whole system. But any one who is at all familiar with the writings of the principal modern *Reformers* will not fail to recognise in what we have said the substance at least of all these monstrous and Utopian conceptions. If there were any occasion for it, nothing would be easier than to draw out the whole plan from the very words of its authors and their scholars. The same may be said of the semi-Rationalism of which we are going to speak presently.

truth; but it is nothing else than universal opinion, which they proclaim mistress of the world. They grant that a government is necessary; but they would have it emanate from the people, who should always have the right of taking it away again from those to whom they had entrusted it; or even if they limit this right to certain specific cases, yet they always make the people the sovereign judge in this matter without appeal, and in their will they recognise the only law which exists in the world. They attribute to society the right of punishing crimes; but they take care to remove from it all idea of expiation, and to reduce it to a simple right of self-defence. They reject the fatalism of progress; but they keep the minds of men in a perpetual agitation, by the idea of an unlimited process of perfection, and of a continual advance towards some unknown and uncertain boundary. They foolishly persuade themselves that they shall be able to banish from the world pain, misery, and crime, by means of certain machineries of government and of administration which the unbridled caprice of their imagination is for ever inventing, and which they would fain impose upon the people, even in spite of all their repugnance. They protest that they do not aim at making a new Church different from the Church Catholic; but they wish to have it purified from I know not what stains, and, as they express it, modernised. A Catholicism of this kind, made after their own fashion, they praise and exalt to the skies; but the real and true Catholicism which already exists, and which is professed by the clergy, the episcopate, and by the Roman Pontiff who is its head, this they accuse of being exaggerated, antiquated, too mystical, anti-social, ambitious, and all the other hard words usually applied to Jesuitism. They recognise the redemption of Christ; but they make it consist principally in its merely human and civil effects, which have a tendency towards the political liberation of the multitudes, and the improvement of the material conditions of life.

This mitigated species of Rationalism, which we have called semi-Rationalism, in order to distinguish it from the first, which belongs in a particular manner to France and Germany, is the real sore of Italy. It may be seen in nearly all the *liberal* writings of these latter years, which are framed, for the most part, after the model of the works of Gioberti, who is at once their most zealous promoter and most prolific author.

All who have been led away by either of these forms of error, either by Rationalism or by semi-Rationalism, do in fact disown Jesus Christ and return to Paganism: *blasphemerunt sanctum Israel, abalienati sunt retrorsum*. And they

return, too, to a Paganism far worse than that of old; for it is a Paganism which arises not from their never having known the Gospel, but from their having known and abjured it; and therefore it is a Paganism that has no hope of a future reconciliation: *impossibile est eos, qui semel sunt illuminati . . . et prolapsi sunt, rursus renovari ad pœnitentiam.*

If we desire to trace these two systems of error to their common source, and to indicate the point of contact whereat they meet, we may say that they are to be found together under the tree of knowledge, so fatal to our first parents of old. Both agree in denying or perverting the idea of original sin: Rationalism denies this sin in its cause; semi-Rationalism in its effects: the one maintains that the word of Lucifer, "Ye shall be as gods," is verified in man; the other denies the word of God which pronounced a penalty upon man for his fault, "Cursed is the earth in thy work; with labour and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life; thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee." If human nature is God, as Rationalism asserts, then there could not be original sin in man, because man had nobody whom he could obey. If human reason and the natural tendency of man have those prerogatives which semi-Rationalism attributes to them, if men themselves ought to enjoy a terrestrial happiness here below, then the effects and punishment of original sin are annihilated, and consequently original sin itself is not.

From this first principle, whence the two systems of Rationalism and semi-Rationalism set out as from a common centre, arises that close analogy which we observe between their ulterior conclusions. It is true indeed that, by reason of a faulty logic, semi-Rationalism does not draw those conclusions in the same hard and decided way in which Rationalism does; nevertheless the conclusions which it draws are closely analogous; as, for instance, if Rationalism denies Christ by reducing him to a mere idea, semi-Rationalism misconstrues his character and his mission. If Rationalism breaks all bonds, both material and moral, whereby men are commonly restrained, semi-Rationalism certainly relaxes them far more than the laws of right reason and of the faith would allow. If Rationalism denies the Catholic Church, semi-Rationalism accuses it of having erred and forsaken its former purity. If Rationalism annihilates all idea of legitimate government, semi-Rationalism gives it a false origin, by making it depend upon the fickle will of subjects. If Rationalism knows no other happiness than that of this world, semi-Rationalism makes the happiness of the next world to be nothing more than a consequence of present happiness. In a word, both the one and the other

disfigure and misrepresent Jesus Christ, his Church, and man, and tend to the dissolution of all civil and religious society. But there is this difference between them, that one, by the very impudent daring of its theories, puts you on your guard against it; whereas the other, by the mask of moderation which it wears, inspires you with confidence, and so seduces you the more easily. They may differ from one another in the degrees of their intrinsic wickedness, and in the powers they respectively have of doing injury to society and to the Church; nevertheless, it is certain that two systems mutually disowning and condemning one another could not have so many points in common, did they not spring from one common source. For ourselves, after having carefully examined the subject, we are unable to assign to them any other common source but only this, namely, that they both deny the actual state of man upon this earth; his natural corruptness; his destination to a future life, which ought to be the law and rule of his present life; his need of expiation by means of works which he does himself, but which derive all their efficacy from the merits of a Redeemer, Whose idea they have perverted, His mission misconstrued, and radically falsified His character. In short, they deny in substance original sin, either in itself or in the effects which it produces upon man, and consequently in the remedy which has been provided for it by Jesus Christ.

III.

When we consider the extent to which these errors prevail, the mischief which they bring to morals, science, education, politics, and religion, and the activity with which secret associations every where labour to introduce and to propagate them, we cannot but turn our eyes towards the Church to implore from her a prompt and efficacious remedy for so many evils, to supplicate our good Mother to lift up her voice to warn her children who are exposed to such danger, and by her divine light to dissipate the darkness which has fallen upon so many seduced and erring minds. The Church has never failed in this duty: let us remember what she did in other times against the many ramifications of the Manicheans, who, under the names of Cathari, Illuminati, Fratres Parvi, Poor Men of Lyons, Albigenses, Patarini, &c. prepared the way for all modern sects. It is incredible, then, that she should be silent now, when the peril is far greater, when the errors are far more widely spread and more fatal. The eyes of all good men turn towards her, and towards her chief Pastor, to whom our Lord Jesus Christ has confided the care of feeding His flock and of removing it from poisoned and dangerous pas-

tures. And let it not be said that the condemnation of these errors is already contained in the doctrine of the Church, and in the definitions already made by so many Pontiffs and Councils; for the new forms which these errors have taken, the new applications which have been made of them, the readiness with which in these days we see so many men fall victims to them,—all this shews that the remembrance of ancient definitions no longer suffices, but that there is need of the voice and hand of her whom God has given us for our master and guide to protect us in our pressing need against the snares of our enemies.

Now the evil which these errors have produced is already so great, love has so universally waxed cold, the infatuation of the people has become so profound, that but little effect would be produced even by a solemn and formal condemnation that should only shew the evil principles of these errors. Such a condemnation might serve to enlighten the mind, but it would not kindle the heart. The measure, then, which would seem to us most wise and most opportune in our actual necessities, would be to find some means of condemnation which not only should enlighten the mind, but which should serve at the same time to inflame the hearts of the faithful. This end would be attained by proposing to their devotion an object which is dear to them, whose dogma is closely knit up with the condemnation of the above-mentioned errors, and in which is contained, and as it were personified, the Catholic dogma directly opposed to them. This would be the means the most effective, as it seems to us, for overcoming them, by the power it would have, not only speculative but practical, to excite throughout the world the piety of the faithful and the zeal of their pastors. We think this the more worthy of consideration also, because it is impossible that the condemnation of the two systems should contain any new positive dogmatic definition, since the two fundamental dogmas which are opposed to them, viz. the dogma of original sin, and that of its reparation by our Lord Jesus Christ, have been already defined by the Church. Such a condemnation, then, stopping short at the mere negative side (so to speak) of the question, the generality of the faithful would have no positive object which would serve as a measure whereby they could apprehend the negative side of the error condemned. It is true, indeed, that these two dogmas would be thus confirmed to the eyes of faith; still they would not have any thing new for the faithful; and yet, as we have said, there is an absolute necessity, under existing circumstances, of a new object being proposed to their faith,—an object already believed by the piety of all individually, and embody-

ing in some sort, and representing in a concrete and sensible manner, the truths that are opposed to the condemned errors; an object which, being dear to the people and to their pastors, would have an admirable power to awaken the zeal of the one and the piety and affection of the other.

Now it is this which would be produced by a belief in the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, supposing the Church were to define it as a dogma of faith in a decree which should at the same time condemn these heresies also. The two following propositions will serve to develope and explain this idea.

1st Proposition.—The Church, by defining that the Blessed Virgin was preserved by the grace of Jesus Christ from original sin, because she was predestined to be the Mother of God, would propose to the faithful an object of dogmatic cultus; the belief of which would include under a living and concrete form the condemnation of all the errors of Rationalism and of heterodox semi-Rationalism.

This proposition is so evident that it does not need explanation. For who does not see the consequences that necessarily flow from this dogma? If Mary, by a singular privilege, was preserved from original sin, then the posterity of Adam is neither pure nor holy in its origin, but corrupted and guilty, and in need of a Redeemer. If Mary was preserved because she was to be the Mother of God, then our Lord Jesus Christ, her son, is not a mere idea, but an historical and real person; then this person is something different from a *philosophe humanitaire*; he is truly God, uniting in the one undivided person of the Word both the human nature and the divine. If it be to the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of fallen humanity, that Mary owes her preservation, then the mission of Jesus Christ was not a purely earthly and social mission, but a heavenly and supernatural one, that is to say, the redemption of man from sin, from the death of the soul, and from the slavery of the devil; then the grace which He came to bring us is not political civilisation, but faith, the supernatural life, and the dignity of the adopted sons of God; then the happiness towards which He came to direct us is not the temporal happiness of this life, but the eternal happiness of heaven, and consequently the Church has no mission to procure for us this temporal happiness; she has no sort of obligation in this regard: so false is it, that worldly prosperity ought to be taken as a criterion or as a distinctive characteristic of the true Church. If man, through the sin of our first parent, is fallen from the state of original justice, and if Mary alone has been preserved from this sin, then all that tends to

reform the disorderly passions, to resist the ardours of concupiscence, to supply by the lights of faith the defects of our natural ignorance and the weakness of our obscured reason, to accomplish by works of penance that which our Lord Jesus Christ has left us to do in the way of expiation, *ea quæ desunt passionum Christi* (Col. i. 24),—all these things, I say, are not the exaggerations of the middle ages, the excesses of an ultra-mysticism, but are on the contrary good and sound; then the earth is a place of expiation, of exile, of trial, of combat between the flesh and the spirit,—a place wherein we must strive without ceasing in order that we may merit a better life beyond the tomb. If man has sinned, then he was not naturally independent, but has a law over him which he is bound to obey; then are all those maxims false and erroneous which talk of the pretended absolute liberty of man, of the independence of thought, of the reign of opinion, and of the sovereignty of mankind.

All these truths, and many others which we might enumerate, would be contained in the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, as in a principle or in a common formula; and, which is still more important, they would be continually represented to the minds of the faithful in a lively manner, being personified, as it were, and set before them in a concrete form in the *cultus* that would be paid to this singular and supreme privilege of the august Mother of God: they would be absolutely identified with the belief in this privilege. And this result would be of unspeakable value wherever Rationalism has gained an entrance among a people; for to rekindle a people's faith, there is need of sensible concrete objects, of truths which speak not only to their understandings, but also to their imaginations and senses, being addressed to the heart, and causing themselves to be felt even more than they are understood.

2d Proposition.—*The definition of this dogma, joined to a condemnation of the errors we have spoken of, would be a very powerful means of reviving the faith and piety of all Christian people, and of exciting the zeal of their pastors.*

The tender devotion of Catholics, both laity and clergy, for this admirable privilege of Mary, is a fact which cannot be denied. Together with this devotion, there is a very ardent and almost universal desire to see this privilege declared an article of the faith by the infallible oracle of the sovereign Pontiff. The ardour and universality of the prayers upon this subject addressed to the Holy See from all quarters, is a fact which has no parallel in the history of the Church. What wonderful effects, then, may we not expect from a definition

so earnestly desired, more especially when men see that it contains, in fact, a condemnation of all those errors which are now devastating society and the Church? Would it not excite a general zeal to repudiate and abhor those errors, by seeing the opposition which they involve to the dearest privilege of Mary? At a time when so many sectarians of different kinds are bound to one another by the most odious oaths, with the intent of perverting society by the diffusion of the errors of Rationalism and the deceitful subterfuges of semi-Rationalism, they would find an impenetrable barrier in this association of all the faithful, knit together in the contrary belief by means of a practical creed, that is to say, by the worship paid to the Immaculate Virgin, who triumphs over these errors. Belief in this mystery would be as a common tie among them, a kind of watchword, a summary profession of the faith, a protest ever fresh and energetic against all these infernal doctrines.

The ardent devotion towards this singular privilege of the Blessed Virgin wherewith the faithful are animated, would excite them to remove from their minds every vestige of these heresies, and to embrace and venerate the opposite truths, which would be defined at the same time with the mystery which they protect, or rather, which are in fact an integral part of that mystery. A short statement, put forth by authority, would explain the Church's definition, and shew in a clear and precise form the errors which it condemns. This being translated into all languages, and distributed by thousands among all nations, would re-establish that unity of belief which has been so grievously impaired by the intellectual anarchy which is the bane of modern society. Add to this the labours of the ministers and preachers of God's word, who would raise up their voices in the midst of the faithful on occasion of the solemnity which would be celebrated in every part of the world; with what force will they not speak? what impression will they not be sure to produce upon men's minds? Thus the Church by a single blow would obtain an immense effect over all modern heresies, and their defeat would be as complete as it was unlooked for. For why should not the effect of this definition at the present day be the same as that which followed the famous definition of the Divine Maternity (Mother of God) pronounced in the first general Council of Ephesus?

These advantages appear to us to be of such great importance, that in order to attain them one should not hesitate to disregard the imputation with which the Church has been so often assailed, and which her new enemies would certainly

bring against her now,—the imputation of forging new dogmas. Then would be verified in very deed what the Bishops and all pious souls continually say, but which at first we could not quite understand; namely, that from the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception would arise the re-establishment of order in the world, the destruction of errors, the remedy of our present evils, and the commencement of a new era, not indeed of perfect bliss, but such as will at least allow the troubles and trials of this life to be tempered by the light of faith and the consolations of hope. Moreover, since it is not likely that the fervent piety of Christian people towards this mystery will grow cool and become extinct, the remedy which it would bring to our present evils would be not only effective and universal, but also in some sense perpetual; for there would be always in the minds of the faithful a lively and vigorous protest against the errors of Rationalism continually kept up by that object of worship in which, as we have said, the contrary doctrines are, as it were, concentrated and personified.

The great number of errors which would be condemned in this way leads us to another consideration, which both redounds to the honour of the Blessed Virgin, and at the same time is full of consolation to the Church. It cannot be denied but that modern Rationalism contains within itself all the heresies that have ever existed up to the present day, not even excepting the old and gigantic heresy of Paganism. Neither, again, can it be denied, that partly through the misfortune of these times, but still more through the secret plotting of sects which envelope the whole world as with one vast net, this Rationalism is spread abroad every where, and that every where its murderous influence is more or less felt. It follows, therefore, that when the Church condemns the errors of Rationalism by defining dogmatically the Immaculate Conception of Mary, those words will be verified which we so frequently address to her, "O holy Virgin Mary, thou alone hast destroyed all heresies in the whole world." Up to the present time, we cannot say that this has been entirely accomplished; but certainly on the present occasion the effect will be complete: for from belief in the privilege of Mary would burst forth the light that shall dissipate the darkness of all modern heresies scattered throughout the whole world; and the fervour and universality of this belief among the faithful would produce, as by a *contre-coup*, an equally strong aversion for these monstrous errors. It might be that not even the Church's enemies would have the boldness to lift up their voice, so clear and palpable would be the practical greatness

of the mystery she has defined, and its intimate connexion with the necessities of a world rushing blindly upon its own ruin. And thus, as we said before, the mocking laugh of the haughty ones would be arrested upon their lips; and those among heretics who are well disposed towards the Church would be inflamed with an ardent desire to be reunited to her fold, when they see the mildness and wisdom whereby she guides her children, and the efficacy which even her least-practical-looking decrees really have in the way of correcting the belief, and purifying and amending the morals, not only of individuals, but also of whole societies.

To all these reasons for the opportuneness at the present moment of publishing the definition we have been speaking of, we will add yet one more, which is intimately connected with the political and social state of Europe, as affected by the new direction which the affairs of France have given to the whole civilised world. In the tremendous struggle that has been going on between society and Socialism, it has pleased the Divine Providence that society should begin to get the upper hand, and that, too, by means as wonderful as they were unlooked for. France, which for more than a century past has given the impulse to revolutions in all countries, is now herself the first to rise up against revolutions; and she who was the first to throw the flaming torch into her neighbour's house is now herself labouring to put it out. This example, fruitful as it is of lessons which other nations too have not failed to apprehend for themselves from the experience of these last years, causes the present time to be peculiarly favourable for the restoration of sound ideas throughout the whole range of truths, both natural and supernatural. We do not say that this age *is* the age of the restoration of ideas, but only that it seems to be specially propitious for such a restoration. For it is very certain that this result is not to be obtained by means of *coups-d'état*, by proscribing secret societies, by putting restrictions on the press and prohibiting clubs, by transporting to Cayenne, by vast organisations of police,—in a word, by means of bayonets and cannon. Only these measures are of service towards giving at least material peace to the world, towards breaking off the thread of the wicked deceits that were going on, towards preventing the teachers of error from making recruits and proselytes from among the wicked and ignorant. In a word, they may be of service towards producing (so to speak) *a great silence* in the world, that so the truth may shew herself in her heavenly purity and brilliancy, and cause herself to be attended to by reason of the powerful attraction of her candour. We may

justly say, therefore, that this age is an age peculiarly propitious for the restoration of ideas.

Whence, then, should we Catholics look for this healing and restorative truth, but from our only mother and mistress, the Church? And what is the truth which we most anxiously expect, and which the Church could most profitably declare, if it be not that which would destroy this immense collection of sophisms, whereby Catholics are so often and so severely beset? and God grant that they may not have been in some measure already injured. And even those who have suffered themselves to be led away by these sophisms, would they not find in the authoritative declaration of the Church a motive sufficiently powerful to call them back to the road they have so unhappily forsaken?

Those who have examined what we have said with serious attention will acknowledge, we think, these two points: first, that there has been no period within the last three centuries in which a word of condemnation from the Church has been more earnestly desired or more favourably received than it would be at the present moment; secondly, that should God move his Church to speak this word, there could not be found perhaps any means of speaking it that would be more worthy of the Church, more complete, more acceptable to all, and more universally desired, than to unite with the definition of the Immaculate Conception an explicit condemnation of Rationalism and semi-Rationalism, two systems built on the same foundation, namely, the denial of original sin, either in itself or in its effects, and consequently a false and perverted idea of the redemption wrought for it.

For ourselves, assuredly we are not daring enough to pretend in these pages to give advice to those for whom we feel the respect that is due to parents and to masters; we think we have gone far enough already in publicly giving form and shape to the general desire: it belongs to the pastors to examine what we have said, and to us to leave the judgment of it in their hands with perfect submissiveness. We feel confident that they will find our desires to be both reasonable and opportune; that they will add to them their own voices and the weight of their authority, and so make them known to the holy Pontiff himself. And in this way we trust to see satisfied the most pressing want and the most tender desire of the present generation of Christians.

Reviews.

PILGRIMAGES TO JERUSALEM.

Journal of a Tour in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Greece. By J. Laird Patterson, M.A. London, Dolman.

The Pylgrymage of Sir Richard Guylforde to the Holy Land, A.D. 1506. Edited by Sir Henry Ellis, K.H., &c. Printed for the Camden Society, 1851.

ONE of these works calls itself a Journal, the other a Pilgrimage; but in truth they are both journals and both pilgrimages. *The Pylgrymage of Sir Richard Guylforde* is really the journal of the chaplain who accompanied that knight in his pilgrimage to Jerusalem in the year 1506; Mr. Patterson's journal is the pilgrimage of himself and another, in the year 1850, travelling in quest of a spiritual home and of religious truth, of which they had long felt the need, and which eventually they both found in the Holy City. The long interval of time which has elapsed between these two publications, and the still greater dissimilarity of circumstances under which they were respectively written, has given an additional interest to our perusal of each.

Mr. Patterson's book is probably already in the hands of very many of our readers. It is a clever and entertaining work, but of very unequal interest. To the reader not deeply versed in classic lore, and having no peculiar taste for such studies, the first two hundred pages will be somewhat heavy and dull. Descriptions of ruined monuments of Pagan antiquity in Upper and Lower Egypt, with the most minute architectural details expressed in proper technical terms, are but feebly enlivened by an occasional amusing incident, or a hearty laugh at some Puseyite vagary; and we fear that many persons will scarcely have had patience to wade through this first portion of the work who would greatly have enjoyed the second, the hundred pages or more which are devoted to an account of the pilgrim's sojourn in Jerusalem and the other holy places of Palestine. Next, we have another hundred pages of semi-classical, semi-political matter *à propos* to our author's return through Greece; and then an Appendix upon the different Catholic rites and hierarchies, as well as the separatist or schismatic communions to be found in the East. To many readers this Appendix will not improbably be the most interesting portion of the whole; certainly it is in some respects the most valuable, for we do not know where else we could find more

precise or more trustworthy information upon these important particulars. It is scarcely fair, perhaps, to criticise too minutely the style and form of a private journal; otherwise we should be disposed to quarrel with the very unnecessary repetition of foreign words and phrases to express ideas which are by no means beyond the compass of the vernacular, as also with the recurrence of such passages as the following, "Drank tea with Mr. —, and met Sir E. B—, Dr. —, Mr. —, and Colonel —," where the reader's interest in these incognito dashes, even though duly embellished with their respective titles, is more than problematical. On the whole, however, the volume is a most acceptable contribution to English literature, were it only for the sober and religious tone which pervades that part of it in which he speaks of Palestine; for, as the author very truly observes, "those visitors to the East who have recently put forth ingenious and brilliant accounts of their travels, have been mostly such as thought they were doing a service to society by throwing a certain air of intelligent contempt over the sacred places" of that favoured land. We could even have wished that this portion of the work—all that concerns the land of promise, its sacred traditions, its holy places, its Catholic and anti-Catholic inhabitants, and the rest—had been published in a separate form, so as to be accessible to a numerous class of readers, whom it would have deeply interested, but who will not care, or cannot afford, to look for it among so much matter of another and a less attractive nature.

The following extracts will give our readers a fair sample both of the style and subject-matter of these hundred pages, the cream of the volume, and encourage them, we hope, to have recourse to the original for more.

"*Thursday in Easter-week, April 4th.*—In the evening of this day we attended the procession and ceremony of the entombment in the Holy Sepulchre. The procession began at the column of flagellation; a sermon was preached here in Italian by Father Bernardino, a most eloquent preacher. We then moved on to the chapel of the parting of the garments, where Father Louis preached an admirable sermon, in English, on the unity of the Church, typified by the seamless robe of our Lord. On Calvary, a crucifix, with a movable figure, was planted in the very socket in which the cross once was erected. Here Father Antonio preached on the Crucifixion, in French. The image of our Lord was then taken from the cross, and conveyed down Calvary to the neighbouring stone of unction, whereon it was laid, and wrapped in fine linen by the Father guardian. Here a sermon was preached by one of the parochial clergy, which seemed to move the crowd of Arabs very deeply. The argument was, that the sufferings of our blessed Lord indicated a

love not less than divine for mankind, and hence that He was true God as well as true man. At the Holy Sepulchre, whither we next proceeded, and where the image of our blessed Lord was then deposited, a sermon, in Spanish, on the duty of dying with our Lord to sin, and rising to a new life, was preached by another Father. Every nation under heaven seemed present, and the crowd was immense. The devotion and attention of all—except the Greeks, who made every noise and interruption they could—was very striking. Many were deeply moved, and remained in prayer at the holy places long after the service was over.

“. . . . On Saturday, 13th, about four o'clock, we went down to the church, and after seeing our cloaks, &c. deposited in two small chambers in the Latin convent attached to the north side of the nave, we passed an hour on Calvary. At five, we attended Compline in the Latin chapel, and then returned to Calvary and the other sacred places. At six, we went into the refectory and dined, the superior and Fra Remigio keeping us company. We then lay down (I cannot say slept, as the Armenians kept up a noisy *funzione*, which from my cell in the triforium I could too plainly hear,) till midnight. We then descended to the choir for Lauds (they were those of the festival of the Holy Sepulchre, which is always kept on the second Sunday after Easter), and a small procession during the Benedictus to the Holy Sepulchre. The stillness and solemnity of this office were most impressive. We then returned to Calvary, where, about half-past one or two, the first Mass is said. The superior said it, and several of the monks communicated. It was the first Mass I had attended on Calvary, and most awful was the privilege. At three, Mass began in the Holy Sepulchre; at the first Mass we communicated. We then heard a second low Mass, and the high Mass, which was celebrated with the usual solemnity. The magnificence and beauty of the service was rendered doubly striking from the hour and the few human eyes which beheld it. Here, indeed, the true idea of worship seemed fully realised; and one could have knelt for ever at such a service in such a place.”

Not the least interesting portion of the volume is the information it gives us about the conduct and character of the schismatic Greeks in Jerusalem: we have only space for a single specimen. After vividly describing the blasphemous exhibition of “the miraculous fire,” he goes on to say:

“The question has been much mooted, how far this dreadful exhibition is fairly chargeable on the clergy and Church of the Greek schism. Prejudice and feeling apart (for the latter, at least, is much involved in a judgment formed on the spot), I should say that it *is* morally chargeable on them. The upper clergy and the better-informed of the priests here deny that they teach the people to believe in the miracle; it is equally true (for I will not impugn their veracity) that they do not contradict or expose it. The lower and less-instructed priests probably believe, and certainly teach, that

it is a miracle; that is, by referring to it as a *note* of their Church, &c. The excuse of the former is, that they fear the people, and that their faith in other things might be shaken by an exposure; both utterly indefensible. The excuse of the other class is either ignorance or else none at all. As to the poor people themselves, I believe many are actuated by devotion, though certainly their manner of exhibiting it is most superstitious and most unseemly. That the habit of many centuries, and the probable origin of the ceremony (the annual extinguishing of the lights, and the solemn re-consecration of the fire, as of water and other creatures, to the service of its Creator, still practised in the Catholic Church), afford a certain palliation of their offence to the clergy, while speaking of them individually, it would be uncharitable not to admit; but as the allowed public act of a communion, it is in itself a blasphemous profanation not to be excused, and a strong point of condemnation for that communion. Indeed, nothing was more evident than that, while some individuals might be supposably influenced by devotion, the thing itself was a hindrance and a scandal to any but the profoundly ignorant, and engendered even in them a factitious and noxious imitation of a Christian grace. 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' it is written; and nothing could be more striking than the contrast between this exhibition and the Catholic solemnities of the day before. By the latter, even the alien children of the Church, and strangers to her belief, were edified and raised in the scale of moral being; by the former, the very heathen (called in to moderate the excesses of fanaticism) were disgusted and scandalised, and the actors themselves both degraded and the degraders of what they deemed most worthy to be revered."

The pilgrimage of Sir Richard Guildford is in many respects of a very different character from Mr. Patterson's; but as it is not so likely to be within our readers' reach, and as it contains a very lively picture of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem as it was at the beginning of the sixteenth century, we must find room for a few extracts from it. The author dashes at once *in medias res*, beginning his journal thus:

"Firste, the Wednysday at nyght in Passyon weke, that was y^e viii day of Apryle, in the yere of our Lorde God MDVI, about ix of y^e cloke the same nyght, we shynned at Rye in Sussex, and the nexte day, that was Shyre Thursdays, about noone, we landed at Kyryell in Normandy, and rode to Depe the same nyght;"

and he goes on throughout the whole in the same hearty simple style.

The pilgrims arrived at Venice on the 16th of May, and remained in that city, or visiting other places in the neighbourhood, until after the feast of Corpus Christi. (We spare our readers' eyes by modernising the good chaplain's orthography.)

"The sumptuous building, the religious houses, and the stablish-

ing of their justices and councils, with all other thing that maketh a city glorious, surmounteth in Venice above all places that ever I saw. . . . On Corpus Christi day, there was the most solemn procession that ever I saw. There went pageants of the old law and of the new, joining together the figures of the blessed Sacrament in such number and so apt and convenient for that feast, that it would make any man joyous to see it. And over that, it was a great marvel to see the great number of religious folks, and of schools that we call brotherhoods or fellowships, with their devices, which all bore lights of wondrous goodly fashion; and between every of the pageants went little children of both kinds, gloriously and richly dressed, bearing in their hands in rich cups or other vessels some pleasant flowers or other well-smelling or rich stuff, dressed as angels, to adorn the said procession. The form and manner thereof exceeded all other that ever I saw so much that I cannot write it. The duke sat in St. Mark's Church in right high estate, with all the seignourye, and all the pilgrims were present. The duke thus sitting, the said procession came by him, and began to pass by about seven of the clock, and it was passed twelve or the said procession might come once about, passing by as fast as they might go but one time. There was great honour done to the pilgrims; for we all, most and least, went all there next the duke in the said procession, before all the lords and other estates, with lights also in our hands of wax of the freshest forming, given unto us by the ministers of the said procession."

Venice and Marseilles were the two principal ports from which European pilgrims in those days used to set forth on their voyage to the Holy Land; and though Marseilles enjoyed in some respects superior advantages, Venice was the more frequented, because of this very convenient practice of chartering a vessel every year, immediately after the feast of Corpus Christi, for this only purpose of conveying pilgrims to and from Palestine. A Belgian pilgrim, however,* writing towards the *end* of this same century, warns people against trusting to this arrangement; for "though they still keep up," he says, "the ancient practice of having a procession of pilgrims on Corpus Christi day, each pilgrim carrying a wax candle, and walking with a senator on his left hand, yet by reason of the heretics and the paucity of pilgrims who come (for men have now grown cold for this devotion), the pilgrims' vessel is no longer sent." However, heresy had not yet done its work, when Sir R. Guildford and his company set forth upon their pilgrimage. Accordingly a galley full of pilgrims departed from Venice a few days after the feast; and a second galley full about three weeks afterwards: our author and "his masters" were among the latter convoy; and just before they ar-

* Zuallard, *Il Viaggio*, &c., p. 40.

rived at Jaffa, they met the earlier ship, with all its pilgrims, returning homewards. On the 18th of August they cast anchor off Jaffa, and

“as soon as we had sight of the Holy Land, we sang *Te Deum*, and thanked joyously Almighty God, that had given us such grace to have once the sight of that most holy land.”

Compare with this the corresponding passage from the journal of Mr. Patterson and his fellow-pilgrim :

“Tuesday, March 26th, being Tuesday in Holy-week, I (most unworthily) had the privilege, never sufficiently to be esteemed, of seeing the Holy City. . . . A few paces forward to assure us of the truth, and then we fell to the ground, while a crowd of thoughts laboured within me, and I strove to collect them into an act of praise and thanksgiving. We struck off from the road, among some palm-trees. When we spoke again, one said, ‘Praise be to God!’ the other, ‘I fear to go on;’ and so we walked on in silence, gazing (should a Christian be ashamed to confess it?) with eyes dimmed by tears of joy, on the walls and towers of the holiest place on earth.”

There is something in the different tone of these two passages which strikes us as singularly characteristic of the different positions of the writers; the difference will be still more remarkable, if we compare with this last passage from Mr. Patterson the following few words from the *Pilgrimage* :

“This done, the procession proceeded forth, and we followed with prayers and contemplation, *as devoutly as Almighty God gave us grace.*”

How beautifully calm and peaceful is this expression of the Catholic priest! whilst in the journal of “the Anglo-Catholic deacon” there is necessarily—not from any personal failing in the writer, but from the peculiarities of his religious position at that time—a continual *strain* and effort when he gets upon subjects of this kind, which is quite painful. We speak, of course, of the earlier portions of his work, which were written before he was received into the Church. *After* that event, the style of Mr. Patterson too, as we have seen, shews symptoms of the writer having attained to a share of that “peace which passeth all understanding.”

But to return to our more ancient pilgrim. As soon as they had cast anchor at Jaffa, “incontinently” they sent to Jerusalem for the father-warden of Mount Sion to come and see them safely conducted to the Holy City, a most inconvenient but indispensable measure of precaution in those days. The pilgrims were detained in the ship for a whole week before the Franciscan arrived; “the cause was, for he could no sooner leave the lords of Jerusalem and Rama to come to us, without

whose presence and conduct there can no pilgrim pass; which lords be all Mamelukes, and under the soldan." And even then they were detained on board two days longer, whilst "the warden aforesaid" was communing with these lords as to the sum which was to be paid as tribute-money for the privilege of debarkation.

"As we came out of the boat, we were received by the Mamelukes and Saracens, and put into an old cave, by name and tale, their scrivener ever writing our names man by man as we entered in the presence of the said lords; and there we lay in the same grot or cave Friday all day, upon the bare stinking stable-ground, as well night as day, right evil intreated by the Moors," &c.

At length they started in real earnest for the Holy City, but by no very rapid means of conveyance, for they were all mounted on donkeys. On the second day, however, in consequence of the sore sickness of Sir Richard Guildford and the Prior of Gisborne (in Yorkshire),

"therefore with great difficulty and outrageous cost we purveyed camels for them, and certain Mamelukes to conduct them in safety to Jerusalem, which intreated us very evil, and took much more for their pain than their covenant was."

On the last day of August they arrived at Jerusalem, and, like Mr. Patterson and his companion, were hospitably received "by the Grey Friars of Mount Sion," and under their kind and efficient guidance visited all the holy places.

"At our first entry into the place of Mount Sion, the friars sang a solemn Mass; and that done, he that sang the Mass made a right holy sermon, and shewed right devoutly the holiness of all the blessed chosen places of the Holy Land, and exhorted every man to confession and repentance, and so to visit the said holy places in cleanness of life, with such devotion as Almighty God would give unto them of his most special grace."

Our space will not allow us steadily to follow this very simple and pleasing anonymous writer through every stage of his pilgrimage, visiting all the holy places both within and without the city "whereat there was clean remission." We cannot omit, however, his account of the watching in the Holy Sepulchre "for three sundry nights, of old custom continued;" where,

"after a little refection with meat and drink, every man gave himself to prayer and contemplation, busily using the holy places aforesaid after their devotion during the whole night; and early in the morning all we that were priests said Mass, some at Calvary, some at our Lady's chapel, and some at the Holy Sepulchre, after our devotion; and the lay pilgrims were houselled (communicated)

at the high Mass which was sung at Calvary, with right great solemnity."

Having at last "sped pilgrimages with great watch, haste, and labour,"

"we made us ready, and by one assent dressed us to return to our galley, and there we took humbly our leave of the holy places, and of the most blessed city of Jerusalem, reckoning ourselves not so happy to see any more the same in all our lives, and thanking Almighty God with all our hearts of the great grace that He gave unto us to see and visit the said blessed places and holy city once in our lives or than we died; and thus with right light and joyous hearts, by warning of our dragomen and guides, we came all to Mount Sion upon the Monday that was the 13th day of September, that was Holy-Rood day, about three o'clock at afternoon, where we found all ready, the lords Mamelukes, as well of Jerusalem as of Rama, and others with their folks to the number of three hundred horsemen, to conduct us to Jaffa; and so there at the said Mount Sion we took our asses and rode forth at the said time, and never we alighted to bait unto time we came to Rama, which is thirty long miles from Jerusalem; and about two hours before day the same night we come to Rama, and alight there at the hospital, being right weary of that journey, for the beasts that we rode upon were right weak, and right simple and evil trimmed to journey with; where we lay all Tuesday and Wednesday all day.

"Thursday, about nine of the clock, we took our asses and came to Jaffa the same day soon after noon, and lay there in the grot all that night, and were right evil intreated by the Saracens in many ways, and in great fear, which were long to write. Friday against night, with great difficulty, with much patience, and also with large departing of our money, we were delivered aboard our galley. And Saturday, the 19th day of September, we made sail homeward with right great joy."

The perils of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, however, were far from being yet at an end; they had "such vexation and trouble homeward by outrageous long living on the sea, and were in so many dangers and perils by the long contrarious winds and exceeding great storms," that they did not reach Venice before the 25th of January: here they remained for the rest of that month "to perform their vows at the Saints and holy places there, and to purvey them at their banks of money for their return;" then five weeks and a day in travelling from Venice to Calais, and on the 9th day of March "we came to Dover; and so we were out of England in our said pilgrimage the space of a whole year save twenty-nine days."

DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF WRITERS OF FICTION.

Emily Howard. By Mrs. Dunlop. London, Colburn and Co.

WITH no class of human actions is the idea of moral responsibility less associated than with the labours of the pen. Idle words are laid up for judgment when they are spoken; evil deeds are condemned already; but written words alone seem to claim an immunity from the sanction of retributive law, at least within the limits which the conventional rules of society permit. The author, in his secret chamber, is so much of an abstraction to the great world without for whom he works, that no one thinks of judging what he writes as one would of what he says or does. The effect is so remote from its cause, the end from the agent and the means, that the link of connexion between them is hardly considered. Has not an author nearly forgotten much of what he has written before a line of it meets the public eye? Is not his existence an ideal one to the great majority of his readers? Dulness, or ignorance, to be sure, are not to be pardoned; if he has nothing clever to offer, or is not competently informed on his subject, no one will read what he has written; but the moral tendency of his humour, or his mode of imparting information, is hardly brought home to him: it is one of the last things, perhaps, that he thinks of himself. If his dialogue is only witty and pointed, its frivolity or want of charity will be very partially judged. Let his story only be full of incident and stirring adventure, and low motives of action, the absence of elevated principle, will escape notice altogether. Subtle poison may flow into the mind from his insidious periods, sapping the life of faith or morality; a brilliant style and graceful language will veil the danger, and warning criticism will be overpowered by universal applause.

Wide and penetrating is this irresponsible influence. The novelist approaches his readers when they are least on their guard; in their moments of ease, when they are little disposed to question too closely the gay provider for the gratification of a careless hour, when the higher powers of the mind are inactive, and to be pleased and amused is the only aim of life. The minds of many young readers are chiefly formed upon the thoughts and principles of the novelist: he has access and influence denied to graver or better-informed men; his smiling address is welcome when the professed moralist might instruct in vain. So much the more powerful is he for good or for evil. So much the more is it to be desired that he should

understand and feel his mission, and that its responsibility shall be present to his mind, even though he acts from afar, and can never witness the results of his labours. He acts not the less, because he is invisible; his written thoughts outlast what is spoken, and live on, for good or ill, beyond the term of his own life.

Mrs. Dunlop can stand the criticism suggested by these considerations. Life is drawn seriously by her pen, and none the less so for all being refined, and even elegant, which passes across the scene. Talent, wealth, leisure, beauty, knowledge, generosity, are things, according to the spirit of *Emily Howard*, which leave a character but poor and inferior in comparison with the possessions which *sorrow* bestows. It is the tempering of the steel; it is the welding and the "subduing" of it which constitute, in this philosophy, the value of the whole result. Character itself, in and for itself, is the object of this novel's fortune-seeking; all the incidents are blows which either shiver the insufficient in moral aim and training, exhibiting their coarse and incoherent grain, or serve to display the temper, edge, and spring of the happier few, at the same time increasing also their excellence. The quiet widow-lady that has suffered *well* is here the point of light,—while the able and even generous man of wealth and opportunity passes, like a poor colourless unsubstantial phantom, before the eye, unless he has learned to bear, to surrender, to forget self, to love wisdom more than life, and to find wisdom where alone it is to be found.

With all these qualities, *Emily Howard* may therefore be pardoned for being a "regular love-novel;" nay, rather it is a higher merit that it should be so; for when does the natural man more nearly approach in *congruity* to higher things than when learning experimentally the love of a pure, devoted, romantic earthly object? Surely it is a higher thing than ambition, and all else that makes up the "battle of life." It is the highest walk of the soul, apart from things absolutely divine; and there are to be found pure joys and profound desolations which, were all the mask removed from the world, would be seen to be oftener the instruments of God to lead souls upwards to Himself, than almost any other class of trial and solicitude. Nothing "disenchants" life like baffled love; nothing so prepares for God and the company of the blessed as the hunger of the soul for love. These observations of course apply only to the pure and nobler acts; but even the more selfish, so they but end in desolations, or at least encounter desolations, are not rarely guided and governed by our guardian angels to wondrously transforming ends. So

treated, welcome to the three-volume love-novel, and therefore welcome to *Emily Howard*.

But there are other merits in this novel which must be briefly stated. It is written as though there had been no such thing as "Papal aggression" or as "Puseyism." It neither panders to the vulgar hate of truth, nor affects a maudlin patronage of it. It is like getting out of a company either vulgar or affected, and joining a circle of quiet, sensible, and educated persons, to get into Mrs. Dunlop's pages. There is an apparent unconsciousness of all the differently-prejudiced eyes of these times. And if a quiet refined charity towards Catholics was a merit in those who shewed it twenty or thirty years ago, it must of course be tenfold so now. But this quiet charity is something infinitely more satisfactory than that shewn in many an olden novel, where Catholic heroes and heroines were found in abundance, and no difficulty made in treating them as pretty fair Christians. In this style Mrs. Radcliffe's personages were Catholics, and a hundred more. There was no more meaning in this sort of absence of prejudice than in introducing a Rhenish church or an Italian oratory in the back scene of a play; both indicate mere indifferentism. Better than this the howls of Exeter Hall in juxtaposition with the conversions of Oxford. When we were thought dead, the world could be "genteel" with us. When we are seen to live, the serpent begins to uncoil and hiss at us. Such is our present state; and therefore for one to appear and write, as neither eager friend nor bitter foe, but simply, calmly, and candidly, argues a certain elevation of mind which is as rare as it is praiseworthy.

But let us gather a few stray specimens from this pleasant parterre, neither giving all flower nor all leaf, but striving to give a fair impression of the general character of the whole. First, however, we must express our decided opinion that the parterre has been tended almost too carefully; the several beds, *alias* the chapters and the sentences, are too full. The dialogue is on the whole excellently managed, and half the book may be said to be dramatic. Yet the talk sometimes drags. We detect the over-anxiety of a first attempt in many, perhaps in most, chapters of the book, more especially in the first half of the first volume. For the details of the plot we must refer our readers to the work itself, only observing that we think the scene has been most happily chosen. The English colony in Portugal, and some members of a few leading Portuguese noble families, furnish the greater part of the personages, thus providing us with something which we know to be real, but at the same time something sufficiently strange to interest

and excite. Moreover, throughout the whole story there is the most unmistakable stamp of intimate personal familiarity with every feature both of the country and of the society.

The following may be taken as a fair specimen of the writer's powers :

" They were close to the church of St. Roque ; the door was open, with the usual dark curtain drawn across the entrance, and one or two persons passed out as the ladies stopped in front of the building. Margarida looked earnestly, with an inquiring expression, into Emily's countenance, and then said : ' Let us go into the church for a few minutes.'

" As they pushed aside the curtain, she drew back as if hesitating, and then said : ' Emily, there is to be a funeral here to-night.'

" ' Is there ?' was the only reply, in a wearied tone, and Margarida moved forward with another searching glance in her face.

" The church appeared at first empty, though as they passed up the centre they could dimly discern here and there a kneeling form in the small chapels at each side. The candles on the altar were unlighted, but the single lamp, that speaks so eloquently to every Roman Catholic heart, burnt before it. On the lower step knelt a man, whose face was laid in the folds of a military cloak, and within a few yards of it stood a raised framework, hung with black cloth, on which was placed an uncovered coffin, and within the coffin lay the dead body of a girl.

" Emily started as she approached and pressed Margarida's arm, as if to arrest her steps ; but the latter drew her on with gentle firmness. She had resolved to try the effect of a sudden appeal to her affections not associated with her bitter disappointment, and she had known well what they would behold when she brought her friend to that church. It was the corpse of the young and unfortunate Sophia de Vasconcellos that lay there ready for interment !

" It is a custom fraught with solemn lessons to the living, that of leaving the dead uncovered in the church, before being committed to the tomb. How many touching appeals to the careless or the hardened have been made by those inanimate forms, and by ' the sad shrouded eye,' which can weep no more ! How often has the spirit of truth reached the still worldly heart through the closed lips of those on whom decay has set its mark, from the fair infant in its ' brilliant bed of flowers,' to the young maiden in her long funereal robes, summoned even in her spring-time, and the aged man, gone to render his account for sins and follies, for idle words and misused blessings, and it may be for *unavailing* trials !

" Perhaps in no case is the appeal more solemn, and at the same time more touching, than in that of a very young person, especially where life has been such a ' tangled web' as was the short career of the beautiful, the rich, the noble, and the broken-hearted Sophia de Vasconcellos. To the most careless it is for the moment

a sermon, with 'Remember thy Creator' as its warning text; and every heart is filled with awe as it endeavours to follow the spirit in its mysterious flight. But all these impressions are heightened by the scene in which they are produced. Whilst the beloved form is still stretched on the bed on which the last sigh was breathed, and the voices of the household still whisper near, it is difficult to believe in a departure so mysterious, or not to think it is 'a living slumber' which presses on the closed eyelids.

"Not so when the deserted body is taken from its earthly home, and left in such unaccustomed solitude in the house of God. There is something in such a spectacle that strikes on the heart with a sense of chilling loneliness; and those who would shrink from a *life* without human ties learn, as they *thus* 'bend o'er the dead,' that even the most loving and beloved must *die* alone.

"They gazed long in silence on the remains of their once brilliant friend. A grey robe enveloped her graceful form, her hands were folded on her bosom, her long black eyelashes rested on a cheek like alabaster; and as Emily noted 'the fixed yet tender traits,' the whole appearance 'so coldly sweet, so deadly fair,' so like and yet so unlike all she had been ere sorrow touched her, she was suddenly overcome by a flood of tenderness, and kneeling beside the corpse, covered her face, and burst into a violent fit of weeping.

* * * * *

"It was long ere Emily forgot that solemn scene; and often in another land she recalled as a picture in her mind the still and sombre church, the unlighted altar, with the small lamp suspended from the ceiling, the dead girl looking like a fair monument of beauty, and the noble motionless form of the sorrowing husband, whom they left, as it seemed, sole guard of her who had been a few short hours before surrounded by weeping relatives and dependants in a home of luxury and splendour.

"Yet not *sole* guard, though to the infidel it might so appear, for there was a Presence in that church before which the believing heart bows in humble adoration; and as Emily paused once more near the entrance to cast a farewell look up the dim aisle, a holy calm seemed to steal into her spirit.

"'God of the living and the dead,' she whispered to herself, 'how beautiful is this communion! What matters it that the way is long and thorny, when it has springs of consolation like this?'"

The following life-like portraiture of a less pleasing character is at once delicate and striking:

"Inez was what is called a clear *brunette*; her features were faultless; her rich black hair, folded in luxuriant braids round her small classical head, displayed to advantage her polished brow and the graceful form of her throat; but there was a decision in her upper lip, and a shade of haughtiness in her delicately-chiselled nostril, that might have destroyed much of the charm of her counte-

nance had it not been for the matchless beauty of her dark eyes, which seemed to know no language but that of the softest and happiest feelings. In her moments of gaiety they sparkled with animation; but when Inez wished to be interesting, the expression of her eye was bewitching, and she had a manner of casting down the fringed lids and raising them again with a look of sweetness that few hearts could resist.

"But no one knew their power better than Inez herself, all unconscious as she seemed to be of this or any other charm she possessed. From the period of her mother's death the care of her education had been consigned chiefly to a vain and worldly-minded governess, selected by her aunt the Condessa de Lima, whose husband had left Portugal at that time, owing to a certain political disgust, and lived with all his family in Monsieur de Sampayo's house. An extensive society of the most distinguished persons in Paris were in the habit of constantly meeting in that saloon, where Inez was first admired and petted as a lovely and accomplished child, and where from the age of sixteen she had played her part as a woman, and entered into all the deep interest of what was passing around her.

"*Success in society* was the one great object, the supreme importance of which had been impressed on her by her governess; and all that could in no way tend to promote that was deemed utterly unworthy of attention. Perseverance in her studies, the overcoming of any awkward habit, carefulness in her style of dress, even the cultivation of a virtue or the curing of a fault,—all were alike urged as the means of attaining this end, and no other motive was ever enforced.

"*'It always looks graceful in a young lady to be charitable,'* was the reason given for assisting the unfortunate.

"*'For the love of heaven, never permit yourself to look out of temper, it might mar your success in the world,'* was the argument for self-control; whilst religion, or a sense of responsibility, or a desire to promote the pleasure of others, formed no part of this moral training: and unluckily the lessons were bestowed on one whose besetting sin was vanity.

"The most simple actions, that in another might have sprung from the purest feeling, were by her performed for display; dress was exalted into an important science, her talents degraded into a mere trap for applause, and even her affections were reduced to a matter of calculation; so that the gifted Inez, whose genius might have been an innocent source of delight to herself as well as others, whilst it *ought* to have raised her mind far above such mean devices, and whose heart was naturally warm and generous, never seated herself at the piano, never selected a book, never even bestowed a caress on one she loved, without a thought of the admiration that might directly or indirectly be gained by so doing. Yet she was not unamiable by nature; and Heaven had given her a form whose every movement had a charm. She must then have been attractive, even

if she had not studied to be so; and had her education been of a different character, she might have escaped the miserable fault that tarnished her best feelings. The pernicious training of her Parisian life had indeed given her a knowledge of books and of the world possessed by few of her countrywomen; but it had also given her a greater knowledge of evil, and a more selfish principle of action; and it might have been well for Inez had she never left her native land, for it is no small merit in the females of Portugal that they are not only unselfish in their attachments, but that even the daily acts of politeness and courtesy, which in other nations are the result of artificial rules, are produced in them by a natural kindness and delicacy of feeling. They wish to give pleasure rather than excite admiration; and affectation is a fault seldom seen in a Portuguese girl.

“But Inez had the peculiar faults of her countrywomen,—their impetuosity and their want of self-discipline,—without possessing their peculiar virtues. Self was her idol, to which every other object must be sacrificed; and her whole life was one act of affectation,—a profession of ingenuousness and natural impulse where all was studied and artificial.”

ANGLICAN SYNODS.

America and the American Church. By the Rev. H. Caswall, M.A. Second edition. London, Mozley. 1851.

A Letter to the Right Rev. W. Skinner, D.D., Bishop of Aberdeen and Primus, on the Functions of Laymen in the Church. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., &c. London, Murray. 1852.

A Letter to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. By the Rev. H. Caswall, M.A. London, Mozley. 1852.

WHEN Mr. Caswall's work on *America and the American Church* was first published, in 1839, it was hailed with extreme satisfaction by the High-Church party in this country, because of the evidence which it was supposed to bear to the vitality of the Church of England. They claimed the American Church as a daughter of their own. The Church of England, they said, had borne a living child; therefore she herself lives. This was an immense satisfaction at a time when her existence was of so extremely doubtful and feeble a character, that even her most lively members more than half suspected that she was already dead. “We know that we live;” this was the special rejoicing which English Churchmen experienced from all that they heard and read of this Transatlantic phenomenon, the

infant American Church. Moreover, the child gave symptoms of having a very good kind of life: she was one of the right sort; had inherited the good qualities of her mother without the bad; she was already developing into towers and spires, crockets and finials, pointed arches and painted windows, and all the other details of architectural vitality; she shewed a taste too for handsome services of plate, for silk and velvet, gilding and painting, not in the dining and drawing-rooms of her ministers, but in the house of God; she even occasionally lisped some very pretty nothings about Catholic faith and Catholic unity, and the rest; altogether she was voted to be a very respectable infant, and that her mother might be very proud of her. She is now some ten or twelve years older, and she is again brought forward, almost as a model from which her venerable parent would do well to take a lesson or two. The particular lesson which her mother has never yet learnt, but which Mr. Caswall is of opinion that the daughter can now teach her, is neither more nor less than this,—how to walk alone.

Hitherto the Church of England has been so intimately bound up with the state, that wicked and designing people have dared to say that she was only a particular branch of the secular government of the country, a sort of moral police; that she had no independent existence, and could not take a single step in any direction without leaning on the secular arm, so that if that arm were to be withdrawn, she would immediately collapse and die. The object of Mr. Caswall in republishing this work (which is so materially altered as almost to deserve the name of a new book) is to silence these calumnies, and to teach the Church of England, by the example of America, how she may support her existence independently of a royal supremacy and an alliance with the state.

“The mother Church in England,” he says, “is witnessing earnest and faithful efforts, which may terminate in the establishment of diocesan synods and the revival of the ancient ecclesiastical legislature; and the American Church affords much assistance towards the formation of a fair and impartial judgment upon this subject.”

Synods, synodical action; this is to be the great panacea of the Establishment's present woes; and many amiable individuals, most devoted in their attachment to the Establishment, are using their best endeavours on all sides to promote this suicidal measure. They really believe that the convulsive struggles that are going on with such fatal activity within that body, which is called (we presume ironically) the *United Church* of England and Ireland, would be for ever set at rest, if only

the conflicting parties could once be brought together into an assembly calling itself a synod, and there discuss the points of difference between them; as though a dead dog could be changed into a living horse through the instrumentality of some galvanic process imparting an unseemly motion to its inanimate limbs, or as though the frog in the fable had improved its defective organisation, and not rather achieved its own destruction, by its ambitious attempts to emulate the form and dimensions of the bull. Mr. Caswall himself scarcely seems to partake of this delusion to the degree in which other of his clerical brethren have been, and still are, blinded by it. He is far from saying with Mr. Bennett (in his pastoral to his rebellious parishioners at Frome), that if only the Church of England could meet and pass decrees in synod, "Romanists and Dissenters would be seen flocking back to her communion;" on the contrary, he acknowledges that,

"although in a perfectly united Church synodical action might be an unmixed benefit, it is very certain that where divisions on matters of principle exist, it does not accomplish so much as sanguine persons might anticipate At the same time it is infinitely superior to ecclesiastical anarchy, or to anti-church legislation on the part of the state And though harsh sounds may occasionally proceed from the machine, we hear in those sounds little but the escape through the regular safety-valve of a power which otherwise might produce a destructive explosion."

Mr. Gladstone seems to be much of the same mind, and accordingly both in and out of Parliament he labours to obtain the coveted boon, if not for the Establishment in this country, yet at least for the Church of England in the colonies. But that gentleman is also, it appears, a member of the episcopal communion in Scotland, where synodical government of some kind is already organised and at work. Here, therefore, the honourable M.P.'s ecclesiastical essays take another direction, and he aims, not at introducing the very first elements of Church polity, as in England or in the colonies, but only at improving and perfecting what already exists. With this view, he has addressed a letter to Dr. Skinner, in his official character as Primus of the Scotch episcopal synod, of which that gentleman has requested the publication, in order that its subject may be

"ventilated and discussed, so as to enable us (the Scotch bishops) the better to judge what course we ought to pursue, under the divine guidance, towards the safe carrying out of a measure of such vital interest to the Church."

The particular measure that is being thus "ventilated" under the auspices of Dr. Skinner and Mr. Gladstone, is the

introduction of the "lay element" (to borrow Mr. G.'s own words) into the synodical government of the Church. All the world knows that, as a politician, the learned member for the University of Oxford is a most enthusiastic admirer of the constitutional form of government, and he seems to be so deeply enamoured with this *beau idéal* of perfection in the conduct of civil affairs, that he is now anxious to introduce it into the conduct of ecclesiastical affairs also. He is of opinion that the lay community of the Church ought to have defined and recognised functions in relation to her government; that the habits of freedom and self-direction to which Englishmen are accustomed in their private and political capacities, will not well brook total and systematic exclusion from the exercise of any influence in matters ecclesiastical. He looks upon it as a most important ethical and social principle established by the Reformation, that every man should be his own spiritual director; and the natural correlative of this principle in public and practical life is this, that every man should also be his own ruler, or, if this is too palpably absurd, that the governed should at least enjoy some very considerable share in the work of government. Ecclesiastical government, therefore, by the clergy alone,—that is, by bishops and priests,—is a very imperfect and highly undesirable state of things; it is a system of absolutism; and "all systems, whether religious or political, which rest on a principle of absolutism, must of necessity be, not indeed tyrannical, but feeble and ineffective systems."

We beg to assure our readers that we are not exaggerating Mr. Gladstone's principles and statements for the sake of making a caricature of them; we have but given a faithful representation of them as they stand enumerated in this remarkable letter to Dr. Skinner. He tells us himself that what he aims at providing is "a regular constitutional organisation" for the Church of which he is a member; and instead of looking into the records of Christian antiquity, or studying the actual practice of other branches (as he would say) of the Catholic Church for this purpose, he has recourse to the principles of the British constitution and the practice of British parliaments, until he seems positively incapable of taking in any other idea. The whole letter reads exceedingly like the imperfect programme of some prime-minister about to propose a new reform-bill: he talks of "the steady extension of such machinery and means as we possess;" "an extension of the basis of government, effected through the free choice and the spontaneous boon of those in whom it now resides;" there is to be "lay representation," "a lay representative system;" the franchise is to be ecclesiastical, not pecuniary; a "roll of communi-

cants" is to take the place of the registration-lists, and great care is to be taken "for the preservation and due correction of such lists;" there are to be three houses or chambers, the upper house, or house of bishops, having absolutely and exclusively the initiative of all legislation, and also a peremptory veto;—in a word, the whole scheme is a carefully-adjusted plan of checks and counter-checks, as perfect, perhaps, as the efforts of merely human legislation can make it, but not precisely such as we Catholics are familiar with, or as we should have expected a few years ago from a conspicuous member of the High-Church party.

Our readers will not care to learn all the details of this new patent machine for the government of (what its inventor considers to be) a part of God's Church; one or two of the practical results, however, which are to be anticipated from its working are curious enough to be worth mentioning. The principal result concerns "that much-vexed question of ritual." Mr. Gladstone opines that this is a matter "in which one congregation may lawfully and innocently differ from another;" that the main object should be to secure "a general harmony between the forms of divine service and the tone of feeling, the religious temper, of the different congregations." Now as these last admit of very considerable variations, graduating, by a sort of sliding scale, from the religious temper of the Sion and Bethesda chapels up to that which one may imagine to have pervaded the church of St. Saviour's, Leeds, just before its ministers submitted themselves to the Catholic Church, it is obvious that the allowable varieties in rites and ceremonies contemplated by Mr. Gladstone, and to be authorised by his embryo synod, will be of corresponding magnitude. Nor are we left wholly to our own unassisted imaginations to form a conjecture. The American Church, as described by Mr. Caswall, seems to supply us with a very good practical illustration of what may be expected in this line. It appears that at one of the earliest synodical meetings of the bishops and the clerical and lay deputies of that community, it was decided, amongst other things, that the sign of the cross might be omitted in baptism, if desired by the sponsors; in the Apostles' Creed, the article, "He descended into hell," might be either omitted altogether or some explanatory words substituted in its stead, at the discretion of the officiating minister; a selection of Psalms was made, portions of which might be used instead of those in the daily order, according to the same Lesbian rule, "the minister's discretion;" even in the Ordinal, the words, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," might be exchanged for another form, "at the discretion of the bishop ordaining;"

and so forth. The result of all these allowable varieties seems to be any thing but satisfactory; to some of the parties concerned, it creates sometimes, Mr. Caswall tells us, "a painful confusion in a very solemn part of the service."

"In my own parish, on one occasion, a bishop performed the services in the morning and two priests in the afternoon and evening. The bishop read the article on the descent into hell, as it stands in the English Prayer-book; the first presbyter read the substitute permitted in America, 'He went into the place of departed spirits;' and the second omitted the article altogether. Very frequently the clergyman says one thing and the congregation another, and occasionally individuals, disapproving of their pastor's choice, repeat with marked emphasis the phrase which he rejects."

Of course, it is not intended that the introduction of "synodal action" into the Established Church of this country should be productive of similar results; on the contrary, Mr. Caswall expressly stipulates, in his letter to Mr. Gladstone, for developments of a totally opposite character. But the question is, how is this direction of results to be practically secured? Mr. Caswall draws a most dismal picture of "the inconsistencies and fictions" under which the Church of England is at present labouring, and which cause her, as he very frankly acknowledges, to be "an object of sarcasm and ridicule" to all, excepting a portion of her own children. He acknowledges too that her case "requires a decisive remedy;" but such a remedy he flatters himself he has discovered in the revival of Convocation. We can only say that we heartily wish he may have an early opportunity of testing the value of his remedy; we suspect he will soon find that it is even worse than the disease, and that not even the charmed name of Synod is a match for that universal law of nature, "a house divided against itself cannot stand."

PAPAL AGGRESSION IN THIBET AND TARTARY.

Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China, during the years 1844-5-6, by M. Huc. Translated from the French by W. Hazlitt. 2 vols. London, Office of the National Illustrated Library, 227 Strand.

M. Huc and M. Gabet, names familiar to all readers of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, are two of the spiritual children of St. Vincent of Paul, belonging to the congregation

of St. Lazarus in France, and devoted by it to the noble and most perilous enterprise of preaching the gospel in China. M. Gabet went out to that country in the year 1836, in company with the Rev. Dr. Perboyre, who received the crown of martyrdom there on the 11th of September 1840. M. Huc followed about four years later; and the earliest communication which we remember to have seen of his in the *Annals* already referred to, belongs to the month of January 1841, at which time he was making a temporary sojourn at Macao. Towards the close of the ensuing month he set out for the distant mission of Si-wang, an establishment of Chinese Christians, who had settled within the borders of Mongolia, north of the Great Wall, in order that they might escape those severe storms of persecution to which they were subjected in their own country.

The first priests who, in these latter times, ever penetrated to the Mongolese territory, were despatched by the Rev. Dr. Roux, superior of the French mission at Pekin, and himself also a member of the Congregation of St. Lazarus, in the year 1796. They were sent expressly for the benefit of these Chinese emigrants, confessors of the faith, who were dispersed here and there over the vast uncultivated plains of the Tartars, wherever they could find the means of subsistence and a shelter for the free exercise of their religion. By degrees the missionaries sent in pursuit of these scattered sheep succeeded in gathering together a few small flocks at different points considered most favourable for the purpose; and thus arose the first Christian congregations of what is now an immense apostolic vicariate. In the year 1827 a most important accession was made to these missions by the persecuting decrees which were then published by the Emperor Tao-Kouang. Some of our readers may remember how he expelled all the European missionaries, declared their establishments confiscated to the state, and razed to its foundations the beautiful church that had been built in Pekin; it is not so generally known, however, that the Lazarists, who had heretofore served that mission, then sought refuge in the same direction in which so many of their neophytes had already found it, viz. among the erratic tribes encamped northward of the Great Wall, and that in this way the missions of Mongolia received new life and energy. Si-wang grew rich from the losses of Pekin, and henceforth became the centre of missionary action in those parts, and the school of the native clergy, a seminary being established there with twelve or fourteen Chinese students.

Hither, then, M. Huc was sent; and after a most perilous

journey, traversing the whole of China from one end of the country to the other, at a time when it was death for any European to be found penetrating into the interior of the kingdom, he arrived in safety late in the autumn of 1841. Already there were about seven or eight thousand Christians resident in Mongolia, but scattered over more than two hundred different places; moreover they were not real natives of the country, but, as we have said, almost exclusively Chinese emigrants. The disposition of the natives, however, was sufficiently good, and the prospects of the mission altogether sufficiently encouraging, to induce his Holiness, Pope Gregory XVI., to detach it from the diocese of Peking, at the same time as he detached Manchouria also, another province of Tartary, and Leao-Tong, a province of China, from the same diocese, and to erect them into two separate vicariates apostolic. This was in the year 1839. On the 8th of November, 1840, Monsignor Verolles was consecrated Bishop of Colombia, and took possession of his vicariate of Manchouria. In 1842, Monsignor Mouly, who had been for some time superior of the Chinese mission, was consecrated Bishop of Fussulan *in partibus infidelium*, and appointed the first vicar apostolic of Mongolia. The tract of country thus subjected to his jurisdiction is the scene of the present travels. It is of immense extent, and comprises a great variety of inhabitants of divers languages and forms of religious worship,—Chinese, Mongols, Thibetians, Turks, Mantchoos, and others. Amongst these, however, by far the most interesting, and holding out the surest hope of a reward to the labours of the Christian missionary, are the real natives of the district, the Mongols and Thibetians, a people of habits singularly frank and simple, and, moreover, in many respects naturally religious. The wandering pastoral life of the Mongol branch of the great Tartar family involuntarily reminds the reader again and again, in the course of the volumes before us, of the manners and customs of the patriarchs of whom we read in the Old Testament; and as to their religion, there are several features in it which bear a sufficient resemblance to the great truths of Christianity to make us hope that it would be comparatively easy to persuade them to embrace the Gospel. They believe in one God, and in a future state where the good shall be rewarded and the wicked punished; they recite public and private prayers, observe fasts and holydays, and, above all, have a religious way of looking at things, judging of things according to religious rules, setting a value upon them only in proportion to their religious character. In this respect they appear in most pleasing colours when compared

with their neighbours the Chinese, who are described by all who know them as a people almost universally sceptical and indifferent to such matters.

To preach the Gospel, then, to the people of Mongolia was the one great object which engaged the attention of the new vicar apostolic. The glad tidings of salvation had indeed been preached to them five hundred years before by Jean de Montcorvin, a Franciscan missionary, made Archbishop of Peking by Pope Clement V. at the very beginning of the fourteenth century; but not a vestige of what was then done for them now remained.

The first thing that was necessary for the new labourers destined for the work, Messrs. Huc and Gabet, was, that they should become masters of the various Tartar dialects; and for this purpose they made, from time to time during their residence at Si-wang, several excursions into the Land of Grass (as the uncultivated portions of that part of Tartary are designated), and took up their temporary abode beneath the hospitable tents of the Mongols. At length this difficult task was accomplished, and they had translated several little works of Christian prayer and doctrine into the Mongol language. Next, a thorough knowledge of the country, even in its most distant parts, was deemed desirable before the plan of future operations should be finally decided upon. Towards the commencement of the year 1844, the prudent prelate sent instructions to his two chosen missionaries to set out on a very extended travel for this purpose, or rather, for the double purpose of more minutely studying the character and manners of the people, and also of ascertaining as nearly as possible the extent and limits of the vicariate.

It is an account of these wanderings which is now laid before us; and a more lively, entertaining book of travels it has rarely been our lot to meet with. There is a life and freshness about the narrative which sometimes reminds us of the vivid descriptions of *Eöthen*, more particularly, perhaps, in the reports of conversations and official interviews with the native authorities; whilst we need hardly say it is wholly free from every trace of that levity of thought and speech which too often blemish the pages of that clever book; neither is it disfigured by any of that straining after sentiment which in many French works is so offensive to English readers. On the contrary, it is singularly free from affectation of any kind; so that, independently of the very interesting incidents and adventures which it records, there is an air of genuineness and hearty truth-telling simplicity pervading the whole which impart an irresistible charm to every portion of it. Moreover,

it is a book full of information of all kinds: there are numerous facts in history for those whose thirst for that particular branch of human knowledge makes them curious to learn all about the various dynasties that have ever ruled in those distant parts, and the foreign conquests or internal revolutions by which they have been successively deposed; there is an abundance of geographical lore for those whose ardour in such studies is keen enough to bid defiance to the perplexity of a gazetteer full of names like the following, Pié-lié-Keou, Ho-Kiao-Y, Kouï-hoa-tcheu, &c. &c.; there are many interesting details of natural history, both about plants, birds, and quadrupeds, not overlooking the habits of the little sparrow, or Kio-nio-eul, bird of the family, as the Chinese call it, and embracing a great variety of productions, both in the animal and vegetable world, that are unknown to Europe; in a word, there is entertainment for all. On every account, therefore, these travels deserve the place that has been given them in a popular National Library; and they will receive an universal welcome, spite of the fact that they are from the pen of two "Romish priests," actively engaged, too, in carrying out a measure of "Papal aggression." We do not know whether the notice in the preface, that the religion of the Mongolese and other Tartars (which is Buddhism) "presents the most singular analogies in its leading features with the Catholicism of Rome," was intended by the editor as a sop to the national Cerberus of anti-Catholic bigotry, and to reconcile the monster's conscience to the papistical feast he was invited to partake of. Anyhow, it is not unlikely to have this soothing effect upon the appetites of some readers; and since the fact is literally true, we are not disposed to be very severe upon the editors for the way in which they have stated it. The subject, however, which it suggests is too vast for us to enter upon at present, even though we should be tempted on some future occasion to return to it. To-day we shall confine ourselves to the secular portions of the work, which are of a lighter kind and more generally entertaining; first premising, however, that there seem to be no grounds whatever for the suspicions in which we observe that some of the literary periodicals have indulged as to the truthfulness of the narrative. These critics complain that a thousand closely-filled pages of "souvenirs" (such being the bulk of the work in its original French), compiled after an interval of four to seven years, can scarcely be expected to be very accurate, and suggest that the authors have probably been indebted to their imagination for the "getting-up" of a considerable portion of the facts in the volumes before us. Had these gentlemen, however, been

readers of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, they would have seen how little room there was for these injurious suspicions.

The two travellers set out in the autumn of 1844 with a single companion, a young Lama of the vagabond species, with whose erratic and adventurous taste the proposed journey was singularly in harmony. He had been converted to Christianity some time before, and was now attached to the missionaries in a capacity which we cannot better describe than by borrowing a word from the transatlantic vocabulary, and calling him their *help*. He certainly was not their guide, for he knew no more of the wilds of Tartary through which they were about to pass than his European masters; and, moreover, his pig-headed obstinacy often caused them to lose their way when they might otherwise have had some chance of reaching their destination. Neither was he their interpreter, for he belonged to the tribe of the Dchiahours, who have a language of their own, a medley of Mongol, Chinese, and Eastern Thibetian; and, besides, the missionaries could speak the language very well for themselves. He was not their purveyor, or we should not read of M. Gabet riding for some miles with a couple of sheep's livers dangling at his saddle-bow; neither was he their *chef de cuisine*, or M. Huc would not have had to employ himself in the undignified occupation of drawing a fowl. The only two duties which seem to have uniformly devolved upon him are the brewing of the tea, and the saying "sok, sok" to the camels to make them kneel down when it was required. He was "sour, savage, and sometimes saucy," yet with a groundwork of honesty and devotion quite capable, in his masters' opinion—and we don't know that any body else had a right to have any opinion about the matter—of compensating for the perversities of his nature. Such as he was, then, the French travellers took him, "for better, for worse;" and the little cavalcade set out in the following order. Samdad-chiemba, the hero whose avocations and character we have been endeavouring to describe, opened the march, "gravely mounted on a black, stunted, meagre mule," and leading two camels, laden with the baggage, tents, pots, and the other thousand and one utensils which are always wanted in a country where taverns are scarce, or, still more frequently, not to be found at all. Then came the two missionaries, MM. Gabet and Huc, mounted, with a due regard to their respective proportions, the former on a tall camel, the latter on a horse. As to the outer man of these two priests, no one could recognise the two young, smooth-faced, yet eminently French countenances which appear on the title-page of the work, to be the

same as those which are presented to us about twenty pages further on, after having undergone the necessary operations for transforming themselves into Thibetian Lamas. They had already undergone one metamorphose in becoming Chinese instead of Europeans; but now a still further change was to be wrought, that they might come out as Tartars. The long pig-tail which they had so carefully cultivated ever since they left their native country, was now ruthlessly severed by the relentless razor of Samdadchiemba, spite of the remonstrances and even tears of their Chinese Christian disciples.

“A long yellow robe, fastened at the right side with five gilt buttons, and round the waist by a long red sash; a red jacket, with a collar of purple velvet, put on over the robe; and a yellow cap, surmounted by a red tuft, completed their new costume,”

which was, in fact, the ordinary secular habit of the Lamas; not that which they wear when actually performing their idolatrous ministry in the pagodas. This dress had the double advantage of giving the travellers an ecclesiastical exterior becoming their sacred character, and also of being in unison with that worn by their young neophyte and attendant, Samdadchiemba, who was dressed like a Thibetian Lama of an inferior order, to which, in truth, he had once belonged. Of this gentleman's personal appearance we have omitted to speak, but it may help our readers to form a more accurate estimate of his capabilities as an agreeable fellow-traveller, if we mention that

“a great flat nose, insolently turned up; a large mouth, slit in a perfectly straight line; thick, projecting lips; a deep bronze complexion; every feature contributed to give to his physiognomy a wild and scornful aspect. When his little eyes seemed starting out of his head from under their lids, wholly destitute of eyelash, and he looked at you wrinkling his brow, he inspired you at once with feelings of dread and yet of confidence.”

Such is his portrait as drawn by his companions; and certainly, if the artist has not done him foul injustice, he was quite as unprepossessing as this description of him would lead us to expect.

This, then, was the trio that were launched, alone and without a guide, amid a new world, “without a friend to advise or to aid them, save Him by whose strength they were supported, and whose name they were seeking to make known to all the nations of the earth.”

The Chinese Christians from whom they parted were fully persuaded that they would inevitably perish of privation and misery in the deserts of Tartary, even if they did not meet

with some violent death during so long a pilgrimage in a hostile land. And when no intelligence of them had been received for a period of two years and several months, these apprehensions were so far confirmed that they were universally considered to be dead. We ourselves remember to have joined with the vicar apostolic of Manchouria, on the occasion of his visit to Rome in the spring of 1847, in lamenting over the supposed loss of two such young and able missionaries—the one was only thirty-two years old, the other thirty-seven—at a time when, as it afterwards appeared, they had been already restored to the Christian congregations at Macao. During the whole of this time they had been sojourning in Central Asia, and had travelled upwards of 2500 European leagues. At a later period—about three years ago, we believe—M. Gabet died during what was intended to have been a short visit to Europe; and hence the account of their mission, though really the joint production of the two travellers, has appeared under the name of M. Huc only.

The first people with whom the travellers became acquainted, and whose country they traversed for a period of four or five months, were the Mongol Tartars, whose most striking characteristics, it appears, are an extreme simplicity and guilelessness, and a ready generous hospitality; whereas the Chinese, on the contrary, are “a thorough nation of shopkeepers, with hearts dry as a ship-biscuit, and grasping as a monkey, who will not give a traveller even a cup of water except for money or money’s worth.” The result of these two characters, when brought into contact with one another by the accidents of travel or in the regular intercourse of business, seems to be much the same on the plains of Tartary as in the streets of our own metropolis. Who has not read the following scene (*mutatis mutandis*) a hundred times in the police-reports of our London newspapers?

“So soon as Mongols, simple, ingenuous men, if such there be at all in the world, arrive in a trading town, they are snapped up by some Chinese, who carry them off, as it were, by main force, to their houses, give them tea for themselves and forage for their animals, and cajole them in every conceivable way. The Mongols, themselves without guile, and incapable of conceiving guile in others, take all they hear to be perfectly genuine, and congratulate themselves, conscious as they are of their inaptitude for business, upon their good fortune in thus meeting with brothers, as they say, in whom they can place full confidence, and who will undertake to manage their whole business for them. A good dinner provided gratis in the back shop completes the illusion. ‘If these people wanted to rob me,’ says the Tartar to himself, ‘they would not go to all this expense in giving me a dinner for nothing.’”

“When once the Chinese has got hold of the Tartar, he employs over him all the resources of the skilful and utterly unprincipled knavery of the Chinese character. He keeps him in his house, eating, drinking, and smoking, one day after another, until his subordinates have sold all the poor man's cattle, or whatever else he has to sell, and bought for him in return the commodities he requires, at prices double and triple the market value. But so plausible is the Chinese, and so simple is the Tartar, that the latter invariably departs with the most entire conviction of the immense philanthropy of the former, and with a promise to return, when he has other goods to sell, to the establishment where he has been treated so fraternally” (p. 114).

In fact, all the trading towns throughout this whole territory seem to be like so many huge pneumatic pumps stationed at proper intervals for the express purpose of creating a vacuum in Mongolian purses, and to be wonderfully successful in attaining their object. It appears, however, that sometimes the Chinese are victims to their own knavery,

“and we have known even Tartars catch them in a snare. One day a Mongol presented himself at the counter of a Chinese money-changer, with a youen-pao carefully packed and sealed. A youen-pao is an ingot of silver weighing three pounds; in China there are sixteen ounces to the pound, and the three pounds are never very rigorously exacted, there being generally four or five ounces over, so that the usual weight of an ingot of silver is fifty-two ounces. The Tartar had no sooner unpacked his youen-pao than the Chinese clerk resolved to defraud him of an ounce or two, and weighing it, he pronounced it to be fifty ounces. ‘My youen-pao weighs fifty-two ounces,’ exclaimed the Tartar; ‘I weighed it before I left home.’ ‘Oh, your Tartar scales are all very well for sheep; but they don't do for weighing bullion.’ After much haggling, the bargain was concluded; the youen-pao was purchased as weighing fifty ounces; and the Tartar, having first required and obtained a certificate of the stated weight and value of the ingot, returned to his tent with a good provision of sapeks [the small copper coin of the country] and bank-notes. In the evening the principal of the establishment received the usual report from each clerk of the business done in the course of the day. ‘I,’ said one of them with a triumphant air, ‘bought a youen-pao of silver, and made two ounces by it.’ He produced the ingot, which the chief received with a smile, soon changing into a frown. ‘What have you got here?’ cried he; ‘this is not silver.’ The ingot was handed round, and all the clerks saw that indeed it was base bullion. ‘I know the Tartar,’ said the clerk who had purchased it, ‘and will have him up before the Mandarin.’

“The satellites of justice were forthwith despatched after the roguish Tartar, whose offence, proved against him, was matter of capital punishment. It was obvious that the ingot was base bullion, and on the face of the affair there was clear proof that the Tartar had sold it. The Tartar, however, stoutly repudiated the imputation.

'The humblest of the humble,' said he, 'craves that he may be allowed to put forth a word in his defence.' 'Speak,' said the Mandarin; 'but beware how you say aught other than the exact truth.' 'It is true,' proceeded the Tartar, 'that I sold a youen-pao at this person's shop, but it was all pure silver. I am a Tartar, a poor simple man, and these people, seeking to take advantage of me, have substituted a false for my genuine ingot. I cannot command many words, but I pray our father and mother (*i. e.* the Mandarin) to have this false youen-pao weighed.' The ingot was weighed, and was found to contain fifty-two ounces. The Tartar now drew from one of his boots a small parcel, containing, wrapped in rags, a piece of paper which he held up to the Mandarin. 'Here is a certificate,' cried he, 'which I received at the shop, and which attests the value and weight of the youen-pao that I sold.' The Mandarin looked over the paper with a roguish smile, and then said, 'According to the testimony of the clerk himself who wrote this certificate, this Mongol sold to him a youen-pao weighing fifty ounces; this youen-pao of base bullion weighs fifty-two ounces; this therefore cannot be the Mongol's youen-pao; but now comes the question, whose is it? Who are really the persons that have false bullion in their possession?' Every body present, the Mandarin included, knew perfectly well how the case stood; but the Chinese magistrate, tickled with the Tartar's ingenuity, gave him the benefit of the clerk's dull roguery, and dismissed the charge; but not so the accusers, who were well bastinadoed, and would have been put to death as coiners, had they not found means to appease justice by the present of some ingots of purer metal" (p. 117).

Such being the character of the inhabitants, the next question upon which we feel curious for information concerns the accommodations which the country provides for travellers: Is there "good entertainment for man and horse?"—for, after all, a traveller's (most certainly an English traveller's) comfort depends very materially upon this main circumstance. And we must confess that, according to the account given us by MM. Hue and Gabet, Tartary is about the last place in the world in which John Bull would find himself at ease, or be disposed to make a lengthened tour. A man who "thinks himself prepared for any thing, provided he can but bargain for a clean tablecloth and a good rump-steak every day," would be more thoroughly out of his element in the plains of Tartary than in almost any other country we know of. Most other quarters of the globe have been so far europeanised at least, if not anglicised, by the continually-increasing aggressions of European travellers, as to have some places of public resort and entertainment more or less adapted to their habits and mode of life; but Tartary is wholly untrodden ground; and the interior of a Tartar inn (or rather of a Tartar-Chinese

inn, for almost all the inns in Tartary are kept by Chinese, or Turks, none by the Tartars themselves,) presents as uninviting a spectacle to an untravelled Englishman at the present day as ever it did in the very darkest period of the dark ages.

"They consist almost universally of a large square enclosure, formed by high poles interlaced with brushwood. In the centre of this enclosure is a mud house, never more than ten feet high. With the exception of a few wretched rooms at each extremity, the entire structure consists of one large apartment, serving at once for cooking, eating, and sleeping, thoroughly dirty, and full of smoke and intolerable stench. Into this pleasant place all travellers, without distinction, are ushered, the portion of space applied to their accommodation being a long wide *kang*, as it is called,—a sort of furnace, occupying more than three-fourths of the apartment, about four feet high, and the flat smooth surface of which is covered with a reed mat, which the richer guests cover again with a travelling carpet of felt, or with furs. In front of it, three immense coppers, set in glazed earth, serve for the preparation of the traveller's milk-broth. The apertures by which these monster boilers are heated communicate with the interior of the *kang*, so that its temperature is constantly maintained at a high elevation, even in the terrible cold of winter. Upon the arrival of guests, the landlord, or, as the Chinese call him, the comptroller of the chest, invites them to ascend the *kang*, where they seat themselves, their legs crossed tailor-fashion, round a large table not more than six inches high. The lower part of the room is reserved for the people of the inn, who there busy themselves in keeping up the fire under the cauldrons, boiling tea, and pounding oats and buck-wheat into flour for the repast of the travellers. The *kang* of these Tartar-Chinese inns is, till evening, a stage full of animation, where the guests eat, drink, smoke, gamble, dispute and fight; with night-fall, the refectory, tavern, and gambling-house of the day is suddenly converted into a dormitory. The travellers who have any bed-clothes unroll and arrange them; those who have none settle themselves as best they may in their personal attire, and lie down side by side round the table. When the guests are very numerous they arrange themselves in two circles, feet to feet. Thus reclined, those so disposed sleep; others, awaiting sleep, smoke, drink tea, and gossip. The effect of the scene, dimly exhibited by an imperfect wick floating amid thick, dirty, stinking oil, whose receptacle is ordinarily a broken tea-cup, is fantastic, and to the stranger fearful" (p. 17).

This practice of sitting, eating, and sleeping upon the hob, (for we can call it by no other name that would convey so true an idea of it) seems to prevail universally throughout Tartary, with some few local peculiarities that are worth mentioning; as, for instance, in Kan-Sou, where the said hob is not constructed altogether of brickwork, as is the case in Northern China,

“but the upper flooring consists of movable planks, placed closely beside one another. When they want to heat the kang for sleeping purposes, they remove the planks and strew the interior of the kang with horse-dung quite dry and pulverised. Over this combustible they throw some lighted cinders and then replace the planks; the fire immediately communicates itself to the dung, which once lighted continues to smoulder; the heat and the smoke having no exit, soon warm the planks, and this produces a tepid temperature, which, in consequence of the slow combustion of the material, prevails throughout the night. The talent of the kang-heater consists in putting neither too much nor too little dung, in strewing it properly, and in so arranging the cinders that combustion shall commence at different points in the same moment of time, in order that all the planks may equally benefit by the warmth. Ashamed to have our bed warmed for us like children, we one night essayed to perform this service for ourselves; but the result was by no means happy, for while one of us was nearly broiled to death, the other trembled with cold all night long; the fact being, that owing to our want of skill, the fire had actually caught the planks on one side of the kang, while on the other the fuel had not lighted at all. The host of the Hotel of the Temperate Climates was naturally disgusted at the mischance, and in order to prevent its recurrence, he locked the closing plank of the furnace, and himself came every time to light it” (p. 287).

High-sounding titles like this seem to be the fashion in those parts for houses of public entertainment, as well as for their officers: thus, we read of the Hotel of the Three Perfections, Hotel of the Five Felicities, Tavern of Eternal Equity, &c.; the waiter is the comptroller of the table, the cook the governor of the pot; and so on in proportion. In most of these houses lodging only is provided; food must be sought elsewhere, in eating-houses set apart for the purpose.

“A triangular flag floating before a house in the next street indicated to our joyful hearts an eating-house. A long passage led us into a spacious apartment, in which were symmetrically set forth a number of little tables. Seating ourselves at one of these, a teapot, the inevitable prelude in these countries to every meal, was set before each of us. You must swallow infinite tea, and that boiling hot, before they will consent to bring you any thing else. At last, when they see you thus occupied, the comptroller of the table pays you his official visit, a personage of immensely elegant manners and ceaseless volubility of tongue, who after entertaining you with his views upon the affairs of the world in general and each country in particular, concludes by announcing what there is to eat, and requesting your judgment thereupon. As you mention the dishes you desire, he repeats their names in a measured chant for the information of the governor of the pot. Your dinner is served up with admirable promptitude; but before you commence the meal, etiquette requires that you rise from your seat and invite all the other com-

pany present to partake. 'Come,' you say, with an engaging gesture, 'come, my friends, come and drink a glass of wine with me; come and eat a plate of rice;' and so on. 'No, thank you,' replies every body; 'do you rather come and seat yourself at my table. It is I who invite you;' and so the matter ends. By this ceremony you have 'manifested your honour,' as the phrase runs, and you may now sit down and eat in comfort, your character as a gentleman perfectly established. When you rise to depart, the comptroller of the table again appears. As you cross the apartment with him, he chants over again the names of the dishes you have had, this time appending the prices, and terminating with the sum total, announced with especial emphasis, which, proceeding to the counter, you then deposit in the money-box" (p. 34).

Another peculiarity of the inns in the great towns of Northern China and Tartary is, that each house is devoted to a particular class of travellers, and will receive no other. "The Corn-dealers' Arms" inn, for example, will not admit a horse-dealer, and so on. The inns which devote themselves to the entertainment of mere travellers are called the Taverns of the Transitory Guests. In one place where they rested for a night, the village of Kao-Tan-Dze, and which they describe as "repulsive and hideous beyond all expression," they met with another classification of inns, proceeding upon a totally different principle from that of the business or profession of the guests, viz. their degree of attachment or of indifference to their worldly goods.

"At the first inn where we presented ourselves, we were asked whether we desired to have our animals defended against robbers. This question threw us into utter amazement, and we requested further explanation of a point which struck us as so very singular. We were informed that at Kao-Tan-Dze there are two sorts of inns,—inns where they fight, and inns where they do not fight; and that the prices at the former sort are four times greater than those at the latter. This explanation gave us a general notion of the matter; but still we requested some details. 'How!' said the people, 'don't you know that Kao-Tan-Dze is constantly attacked by brigands?' 'Yes, we know that.' 'If you lodge in an inn where they don't fight, any brigands that come will drive off your animals, for no one has undertaken to protect them. If, on the contrary, you lodge in an inn where they fight, you have a good chance of preserving your property, unless the brigands are the more numerous party, which sometimes happens.' All this seemed to us very singular and very disagreeable. However, it was necessary to make up our minds on the subject. After grave reflection, we decided upon lodging in an inn where they fought. . . . Upon entering the fighting inn to which we had been directed, we found every thing about it on a war-footing. The walls were regularly covered with lances, arrows, bows, and matchlocks. The presence of these wea-

pons, however, by no means rendered us perfectly satisfied as to our safety, and we resolved not to lie down at all, but to keep watch throughout the night" (p. 276).

So much for the Tartar inns; now let us take a hasty glance at the more normal condition of a traveller's existence in those regions, namely, the nomadic life; living on horse-back (or camel-back, as the case may be,) by day, and sleeping under the shelter of a sheet of canvass by night; rising with the first dawn, before the earliest rays of the sun have struck upon the tent; then each man taking a bag upon his shoulders, and starting off in every direction to seek for fuel, that is, for argols, or the dried dung of animals, upon which, by the by, we are favoured with a most profound and discriminating essay, classifying the different animals according to the combustible merits of their argols.

"Those who have never led a nomadic life will, of course, find it difficult to understand how this occupation (of argol-hunting) could possibly develope any enjoyment. Yet when one is lucky enough to find, half-concealed among the grass, an argol recommendable for its size and dryness, there comes over the heart a gentle joy, one of those sudden emotions which create a transient happiness. The pleasure at finding a fine argol is cognate with that which the hunter feels when he discovers the track of game; with which the boy regards, his eyes sparkling, the linnet's nest he has long sought; with which the fisherman sees quivering at the end of his line a large fish; nay, if we may compare small things with great, one might even compare this pleasure with the enthusiasm of a Leverrier when he has discovered a new planet. Our sack, once filled with argols, we returned and piled the contents with pride at the entrance of the tent; then we struck a light and set the fire in movement; and while the tea was boiling in the pot, pounded the meal, and put some cakes to bake in the ashes" (p. 151).

Perhaps our readers will think that all this sounds rather agreeable than otherwise; tea and hot cakes for breakfast is no such great hardship; even the hero of the rump-steak and clean table-cloth might be contented to put up with such fare as this by way of beginning the day; for such a breakfast may reasonably be expected to be the harbinger of a not very contemptible dinner. But, alas! on a closer inspection, the poetry is sadly taken out of the matter; the pleasing illusion altogether vanishes; or rather, there are left in its stead dim visions of a mess the very reverse of savoury. We never tasted hot cakes made of pounded oats and buck-wheat, or, as these sometimes were, of barley-meal; so, for aught we know, this portion of the repast may be very delicious; but our author's description of Tartar tea, especially when made

at a temporary halting-place in the desert, is sufficient, we think, to shake the resolution even of the most determined imbibor of that popular liquid, if ever he should find himself under the painful necessity of choosing between it and the forbidden juice of the grape.

“The tea used by the Tartars is not prepared in the same way as that consumed by the Chinese. The latter, it is known, merely employ the smaller and tenderer leaves of the plant, which they simply infuse in boiling water so as to give it a golden tint; the coarser leaves, with which are mixed up the smaller tendrils, are pressed together in a mould, in the form and of the size of the ordinary house-brick. Thus prepared, it becomes an article of considerable commerce, under the designation of Tartar-tea, the Tartars being its exclusive consumers, with the exception of the Russians, who drink great quantities of it. When required for use, a piece of the brick is broken off, pulverised, and boiled in the kettle, until the water assumes a reddish hue. Some salt is then thrown in, and the effervescence commences. When the liquid has become almost black, milk is added, and the beverage, the grand luxury of the Tartars, is then transferred to the tea-pot. Samdadchiemba was a perfect enthusiast of this tea. For our parts, we drank it in default of something better” (p. 39).

Such was the beverage at the best of times, and when made under the most favourable circumstances. Sometimes, however, “under the denomination of tea, they got a decoction of burned beans.” Sometimes they got tea indeed, but only brackish water, or sometimes worse, to make it with.

“The stench of this dirty, muddy water was intolerable; and on the surface of the nauseous stuff we saw floating a sort of oily dross, which infinitely increased our disgust. We had not the courage to raise it to our lips; we were satisfied with its sight, and above all, with its smell. Still we must either drink or die with thirst; we accordingly resolved to make the best we could of this Cistern of the Devil, as it is called by the Tartars. We collected roots which were growing abundantly around it, half buried in the sand; a few moments’ labour supplied us with an ample provision of them. Then, first of all, we made some charcoal, which we broke into small pieces; next we filled our kettle with the muddy, stinking water, placed it upon the fire, and when the water boiled, threw in a quantity of the charcoal. While we were engaged upon this chemical operation, Samdadchiemba, seated beside the kettle, kept every moment asking us what sort of soup we intended to make with all those detestable ingredients. We gave him, by way of reply, a complete dissertation upon the discolouring and disinfecting properties of charcoal, whereupon he asked, whether by rubbing his face hard with the charcoal he could make it as white as ours. . . . By and by we poured out the liquid thus prepared, and filtered it through an

impromptu linen-sieve. The water realised was not indeed delicious, but it was drinkable, having deposited all its salt and all its odour. We had more than once on our journey used water in no degree superior. We made abundance of tea, and the evening was occupied in drinking it" (p. 233).

After breakfast, Samdadchiemba had to collect the animals which had dispersed during the night in search of pasturage; the tent is soon folded, the animals loaded, and the little caravan again resumes its uniform and monotonous march. About midday they halt for a while under the shelter of some rock to take their repast, which usually consisted of bread and water, "and what bread and water! Dough half baked, and brackish water, which we had to draw up with the sweat of our brow, and to carry about with us during our journey." By way of desert they had a pinch or two of snuff, which, however, was reduced in process of time to smelling at the empty snuff-phials; then "a few minutes of gentle but sound sleep, never interrupted by nightmare or by unpleasant dreams;" and then the march was again resumed, and protracted often to a very late hour in the night before they could find a spot which united all the essential requisites for a resting-place, shelter, fuel, and water. Such was the laborious life of these indefatigable travellers, day after day, week after week, and month after month; and in addition to its fatiguing character, it was attended with many dangers also, from which the Providence of God continually protected them.

We have dwelt so long, however, upon the general characteristics of their journey and mode of existence, that we have only space for one or two short specimens of their more lively conversations or adventures, when they chanced to be thrown into immediate contact with the natives of the country through which they passed. The following remarks upon our own countrymen, and the war in which we were engaged with the Celestial empire, have at least the charm of novelty to recommend them, if nothing else can be said in their favour. It appears that we were at that time known to the Tartars only as "the Rebels of the South;" and when they were summoned from their distant homes to help the Grand Master (the Emperor) whose army of reserve they constitute, the Chinese told them every where that they were marching upon certain and unavailing death.

"What can you do," asked they, "against sea-monsters? They live in the water like fish. When you least expect them, they appear on the surface, and hurl their fire-bombs at you; while the instant your bow is bent to shoot them, down they dive like frogs. Then

they essayed to frighten us; but we soldiers of the Eight Banners know not fear. Before our departure the great Lamas had opened the book of celestial secrets, and had thence learned that the matter would end well with us. . . . The rebels, hearing that the invincible troops of Tchakar were approaching, were seized with fear, and sought peace. The Sacred Master, of his immense mercy, granted it, and we returned to the care of our flocks."

During their residence in Lha-Ssa, the capital of Thibet, they had some tolerably intimate communication with the celebrated Chinese ambassador Ki-Chan, the same who carried on the negociations for peace with Mr. Elliott, the English plenipotentiary, at Canton, and who, for the part he took in those diplomatic proceedings, was degraded by the emperor from all his titles, lost all his decorations, had his property confiscated, his house razed, his wives sold by public auction, and was himself banished to the depths of Tartary.

"Ki-Chan sent for us twice or thrice to talk politics, or, as the Chinese phrase it, to speak idle words. He spoke a good deal about the English and Queen Victoria. 'It appears,' said he, 'that this woman has great abilities; but her husband, in my opinion, plays a very ridiculous part; she does not let him meddle with any thing. She laid out for him a magnificent garden, full of fruit-trees and flowers of all sorts, and there he is always shut up, passing his time walking about. They say that in Europe there are other countries where women rule. Is it so? Are their husbands also shut up in gardens? Have you in the kingdom of France any such usage?' 'No, in France the women are in the gardens, and the men in the state.' 'That is right; otherwise all is disorder.'"

On one occasion, in an hotel in the province of Kan-Sou, our two Frenchmen were mistaken by the Chinese landlord for two of "the sea-devils who were making war at Canton."

"'No, we are not English; nor are we devils of any sort, whether of sea or land.' An idler who was standing by interposed to prevent the ill effect of this awkward question. 'You,' said he to the innkeeper, 'you know nothing of physiognomy. How could you suppose that these people are sea-devils? Don't you know that they have all blue eyes and red hair?' 'You're right,' returned the host; 'I had not thought of that.' 'No,' said we, 'clearly you had not thought at all. Do you suppose that sea-monsters could live as we do, on land, and ride on horses?' 'You're right, quite so; the Ing-Kie-Li, they say, never venture to quit the sea, for when they're on land they tremble and die like fish out of water.'"

Here the cool presence of mind of our practised travellers enabled them to divert an inquiry which might have led to very unpleasant consequences: on another occasion the never-failing *politesse* of a Frenchman came to the rescue, and ex-

tricated them from circumstances which were quite as embarrassing, though not perhaps so positively dangerous, as those we have just described. The missionaries have accepted an invitation to drink tea with some Mongols, whose tents are pitched about a gun-shot from their own: the occasion is a very great festival; the hosts are in easy circumstances; and the company have already partaken of tea and milk, small loaves fried in butter, cheese, raisins and jujubs; presently the patriarch of the family, an old man with a long white beard, calls to a youth seated on the threshold of the tent, and bids him clear away the things, if the mutton is boiled enough: (and perhaps it will enable us more thoroughly to appreciate the scene that follows, if we just call to mind, *en passant*, that the Tartars have a special weakness for mutton that is "very fat and half boiled"):

"This command having been executed, the eldest son of the family entered, bearing in both hands a small oblong table, on which was a boiled sheep, cut into four quarters, heaped one on the other. The family being assembled round the table, the chief drew a knife from his girdle, severed the sheep's tail, and divided it into two equal pieces, which he placed before us. With the Tartars the tail is considered the most delicious portion of their sheep, and accordingly the most honourable. These tails of the Tartarian sheep are of immense size and weight, the fat upon them alone weighing from six to eight pounds. [In one of his private letters M. Gabet states their weight as sometimes reaching fifteen or twenty pounds.] The fat and juicy tail having thus been offered a homage to the two stranger-guests, the rest of the company, knife in hand, attacked the four quarters of the animal, and had speedily each man a huge piece before him. Plate or fork there was none; the knees supplied the absence of the one, the hands of the other—the flowing grease being wiped off from time to time upon the front of the jacket. Our own embarrassment was extreme. That great white mass of fat had been given to us with the best intentions; but, not quite clear of European prejudices, we could not make up our stomachs to venture, without bread or salt, upon the lumps of tallow that quivered in our hands. We briefly consulted in our native tongue as to what on earth was to be done under these distressing circumstances. Furtively to replace the horrible masses upon the table would be imprudent; openly to express to our Amphitryon our repugnance to this *par excellence* Tartarian delicacy was impossible, as wholly opposed to Tartar etiquette. We devised this plan: we cut the villanous tail into numerous pieces, and insisted, on that day of general rejoicing, upon the company's partaking with us of this favourite dish. There was infinite reluctance to deprive us of the treat; but we persisted, and by degrees got entirely clear of the abominable mess, ourselves rejoicing instead in a cut from the leg, the savour of which was more agreeable to our early training" (p. 64).

Justice to the character of these enduring missionaries re-

quires that we should not conclude this article without giving our readers a specimen or two of the darker side of the picture represented to us in these entertaining volumes. One shall be their passage of the Bourhan-Bota, a mountain noted for the pestilential vapours in which it is constantly enveloped.

“At the foot of the mountain the caravan halted for a moment, as if to poise its strength; every body measured with his eyes the steep and rugged paths of the lofty ascent, gazed with anxiety at a light thin vapour, which we were told was the pestilential vapour in question, and for a while the entire party was completely depressed and discouraged. After having taken the hygeianic measures prescribed by tradition, and which consist in masticating two or three cloves of garlic, we began to clamber up the side of the mountain. Before long, the horses refused to carry their riders, and all, men as well as animals, advanced on foot and step by step; by degrees our faces grew pale, our hearts sick, and our legs incapable of supporting us; we threw ourselves on the ground, then rose again to make another effort; then once more prostrated ourselves, and again rose to stumble on some paces further: in this deplorable fashion was it that we ascended the famous Bourhan-Bota. Heavens! what wretchedness it was we went through; one's strength seemed exhausted, one's head turning round, one's limbs dislocated; it was just like a thoroughly bad sea-sickness; and yet, all the while, one has to retain enough energy, not only to drag one's self on, but moreover to keep thrashing the animals, which lie down at every step, and can hardly be got to move. One portion of the caravan, as a measure of precaution, stopped half way up the mountain in a gully where the pestilential vapours, they said, were not so dense; the other portion of the caravan, equally as a measure of precaution, exerted their most intense efforts in order to make their way right up to the top, so as to avoid being asphyxiated by that dreadful air, so completely charged with carbonic acid. We were of the number of those who ascended the Bourhan-Bota at one stretch. On reaching its summit our lungs dilated at their ease. The descent of the mountain was mere child's play, and we were soon able to set up our tent far from the murderous air we had encountered on the ascent.”

This was bad enough; but worse was yet to come. Their most continual and dangerous enemy was the cold. Even in Tartary the winter is most severe, lasting for nine months; the earth freezing to the depth of seven or eight feet, and the thermometer constantly descending to thirty degrees below zero. But this was nothing to the cold which they encountered when crossing the mountains which separate Tartary from Thibet.

“It was on Mount Chuga that the long train of our miseries really began. The snow, the wind, and the cold there set to work

upon us with a fury which daily increased. The deserts of Thibet are certainly the most frightful country that it is possible to conceive. The ground continuing to rise, vegetation diminished as we advanced, and the cold grew more and more intense. Death now hovered over the unfortunate caravan. The want of water and of pasturage soon destroyed the strength of our animals. Each day we had to abandon beasts of burden that could drag themselves on no farther. The turn of the men came somewhat later. The aspect of the road was of dismal auspice. For several days we travelled through what seemed the excavations of a great cemetery. Human bones, and the carcasses of animals, presenting themselves at every step, seemed to warn us that, in this fatal region, amidst this savage nature, the caravans which had preceded us had preceded us in death. To give something like an idea of this cold—the reality of which, however, can never be appreciated except by those who have felt it—it may suffice to mention a circumstance which seemed to us rather striking. Every morning, before proceeding on our journey, we ate a meal; and then we did not eat again until the evening, after we had encamped. As tsamba (barley-meal mixed with tepid water) is not a very toothsome affair, we could not get down, at a time, as much as was required for our nourishment during the day; so we used to make three or four balls of it with our tea, and keep these in reserve, to be eaten from time to time on our road. The hot paste was wrapped in a piece of hot linen, and then deposited in our breast. Over it were all our clothes; to wit, a thick robe of sheep-skin, then a lamb-skin jacket, then a short fox-skin cloak, and then a great wool overall. Now, upon every one of the fifteen days in question our tsamba cakes were always frozen. When we took them out, they were merely so many balls of ice; which notwithstanding we were fain to devour, at the risk of breaking our teeth, in order to avoid the greater risk of starvation.

“The animals, overcome with fatigue and privation, had infinite difficulty in at all resisting the intensity of the cold. The mules and horses, being less vigorous than the camels and long-haired oxen, required especial attention. We were obliged to pack them in great pieces of carpet, carefully fastened round the body, the head being enveloped in rolls of camel’s hair. Under any other circumstances, this singular costume would have excited our hilarity; but just then we were in no laughing mood. Despite all these precautions, the animals of the caravans were decimated by death.

“To the mortality of the animals was now added that of the men; who, hopelessly seized upon by the cold, were abandoned yet living, on the road. One day, when the exhaustion of our animals had compelled us to relax our march, so that we were somewhat behind the main body, we perceived a traveller sitting on a great stone, his head bent forward on his chest, his arms pressed against his sides, and his whole frame motionless as a statue. We called to him several times; but he made no reply, and did not even indicate, by the slightest movement, that he heard us. ‘How absurd,’ said we to

each other, 'for a man to loiter in this way in such dreadful weather ! The wretched fellow will assuredly die of cold.' We called to him once more, but he remained silent and motionless as before. We dismounted, went up to him, and recognised in him a young Mongol Lama, who had often paid us a visit in our tent. His face was exactly like wax ; and his eyes, half-opened, had a glassy appearance ; icicles hung from his nostrils and from the corners of his mouth. We spoke to him, but obtained no answer ; and for a moment we thought him dead. Presently, however, he opened his eyes, and fixed them upon us with a horrible expression of stupefaction : the poor creature was frozen ; and we comprehended at once that he had been abandoned by his companions. It seemed to us so frightful to leave a man to die, without making an effort to save him, that we did not hesitate to take him with us. We took him from the stone on which he had been placed, enveloped him in a wrapper, seated him upon Samdadchiemba's little mule, and thus brought him to the encampment. When we had set up our tent, we went to visit the companions of this poor young man. Upon our informing them what we had done, they prostrated themselves in token of thanks, and said that we were people of excellent hearts, but that we had given ourselves much labour in vain, for that the case was beyond cure. 'He is frozen,' said they, 'and nothing can prevent the cold from getting to his heart.' We ourselves did not participate in this despairing view of the case ; and we returned to the tent, accompanied by one of the patient's companions, to see what further could be done. When we reached our temporary home the young Lama was dead.

"More than forty men of the caravan were abandoned still living in the desert, without the slightest possibility of our aiding them. They were carried on horseback and on camelback so long as any hope remained ; but when they could no longer eat, or speak, or hold themselves up, they were left on the wayside. The general body of the caravan could not stay to nurse them in a barren desert, where there was hourly danger of wild beasts, of robbers, and, worse than all, of a deficiency of food. Yet it was a fearful spectacle to see these dying men abandoned on the road ! As a last token of sympathy, we placed beside each a wooden cup and a small bag of barley meal, and then the caravan proceeded mournfully on its way. As soon as the last straggler had passed on, the crows and vultures that incessantly hovered over the caravan would pounce down upon the unhappy creatures, who retained just enough of life to feel themselves torn and mangled by these birds of prey."

SHORT NOTICES.

"THE immensely learned" Mr. Greswell (as Mr. Morris has very justly called him) has published the first four volumes (together with a quarto volume of tables) of a work intended, we believe, to reach to more than double this size; *Fasti Temporis Catholici et Origines Kalendariae* (University Press, Oxford). It is, in fact, a History of Time, beginning from we know not when, and *coming down to the creation* and subsequent events. Our readers will be somewhat startled at hearing that he has ascertained the date of the fall of the angels by geological phenomena; that he fixes the Paradisaic period at three years, during which time Cain was born, and Abel conceived, &c. &c.

The first of a series of essays under the somewhat obscure title of *The Restoration of Belief* (Macmillan, Cambridge,) has just appeared. It seems to be the work of a young but thoughtful writer, with wit enough to see that, "during the last few years, a progress towards disbelief has become a marked feature in English literature and society," but scarcely with wit enough, we fear, to provide a remedy for the evil. It would be premature to enter into any detailed criticism of his essay until we shall have seen some of the successive parts; but one thing is clear, that the author's notions of Christianity are somewhat extraordinary. We have often heard foreigners commenting on the intolerable arrogance exhibited by English Protestants on all questions that concern religion; but this writer out-herods Herod. We could not have believed it possible that an educated man in the latter half of the nineteenth century could have penned the following sentences: "It is the English people alone, alone in the old world, that is now Christian. . . . One might almost say that, just now, the British people stands among the nations as the surviving trustee of Christianity, or as the residuary legatee of its benefits. . . . Christianity, in its migrations through eighteen centuries, has betaken itself to the BRITISH PEOPLE, as if these were *its own* [the capitals and italics are the author's own], and that these, under its influence and at its inspiration, have become such as they are, if not the most highly educated among the nations, yet the most effective, the most beneficent, the most humane, and the people to whose purposes and labours the world looks for whatever is good and hopeful. . . . As to the old world, and forgetting the new, the question of Christianity is almost an insular question—it is a British interest!!!"

The *March of Intellect, or the alleged Hostility of the Catholic Church to the Diffusion of Knowledge examined; a Lecture delivered to the Members of the Catholic Literary and Scientific Institute in Birmingham, by the Rev. H. Formby* (London: Dolman; Burns and Lambert), opens, rather than exhausts, a very wide subject. It is one which is becoming more and more important; and we propose therefore to take an early opportunity of examining it somewhat

more in detail. Meanwhile we recommend Mr. Formby's Lecture to the attention of our readers, not as pledging ourselves to a perfect agreement with it, but as thinking it well deserving a careful perusal.

The Rev. M. O'Donnell, Leeds, has delivered a lecture on a kindred subject before a similar institution in that city, *The Catholic Church favourable to the Progress of Education in all Ages* (Leeds, Bradley; London, Richardson, Dolman, and Jones). It has been published together with a sermon by the same author, preached on the laying of the foundation-stone of St. Patrick's Church, Bradford, on St. Patrick's day, and will be found to contain many interesting and important facts on the subject of which it treats.

We observe that Catholic Institutes are springing up also on the other side of the Atlantic; and if the lectures delivered before them are always of the same character as the two specimens that have just reached us, we shall augur great good from their establishment. *The Catholic Chapter in the History of the United States* by Dr. Hughes, the Archbishop of New York, and *Pius VII. and Napoleon* by the Rev. Aug. J. Thebaud, S.J. (New York, Dunigan), are lectures delivered before the Catholic Institute of New York about three months ago. May we soon hear similar lectures amongst ourselves; in many of our large towns they would be most useful.

From the same publishers we have a new edition of the *Glories of Mary*, translated from the Italian of St. Alfonso, and now for the first time published in America. It is very handsomely got up; but what is the meaning of the illuminated border, enclosing the mystical words *Presented by*? Do the publishers take it for granted that such works are only bought to be given away?

The Church Manual (Burns and Lambert) is a cheap and comprehensive prayer-book; its contents faithfully correspond to its title, for it certainly contains all that is commonly said or sung in churches. It is in fact a reprint of the *Vade Mecum*, with a larger number of hymns, and a complete ritual. This last is a most useful addition; and the book will be a most valuable boon to all whose means are limited.

The Jesuit in India (Burns and Lambert) is a most interesting and authentic account of one of the most laborious missions we know of,—the Mission of Madura in South India, where one out of every three priests has died during the last ten years, in consequence of the privations they have had to undergo. We forbear making any extracts, hoping that our readers will procure the book for themselves, and thereby contribute something towards the assistance of forty-two labourers in that portion of the Lord's vineyard, who at present have literally not the means to procure the necessaries of life.

To those of our readers who are interested in the subject of animal magnetism we desire to recommend *Illustrations and Inquiries relating to Mesmerism*, by the Rev. S. R. Maitland, &c. (London, Stephenson, 1849). Like every thing else that comes from that au-

thor, it is well worth reading. His conclusions are ours, and, in part, his premises also; but the way in which he handles isolated texts of Holy Scripture is, of course, essentially Protestant.

The Editors of the Clifton Tracts have just put forth *A few plain Reasons for continuing to protect Religious Women from officious and impertinent Intrusion on their Domestic Privacy*; by an Englishman and a Catholic (Burns and Lambert). They are very much to the point, and should be extensively circulated wherever the compulsory inspection of convents is being made a subject of public agitation, in anti-Catholic meetings, lectures, and the like.

The controversial conversations in *Agatha, or the Trials of a Catholic, by a Convert* (Leeds, Bradley; London, Richardson), are somewhat out of proportion with the slender character of the tale with which they are interwoven; otherwise the tale itself is prettily conceived, and not badly written.

The spirited Editor of the *Lamp* (Leeds, Bradley) has published, in a supplementary number to the March monthly part, the productions of the successful candidates for the prizes which he had offered for the best essays written by members of the working class upon subjects selected by himself. We do not know how much is to be understood by the Editor's announcement that he has *compressed* them, nor what is meant by the asterisks which are met with so abundantly in the course of their composition; but if the essay on Papal aggression, as it stands in the pages of the *Lamp*, is the *bonâ fide* production of a working man, it is one of the most creditable compositions of its class that we ever remember to have read.

In the *Virgin Mother and the Child Divine* (Duffey) the authoress of *Lost Genevieve* has embodied what we know from Scripture and Tradition of the life of our Blessed Lady, in a style adapted for Catholic children. The idea is a happy one, and is carried out with much success and great fervour of devotion and feeling. We think the style a trifle too florid; but nevertheless the book will be a very useful and acceptable present for the young Catholic.

In cases where, unhappily, controversy is forced upon the youthful mind, a little story, *Annie and her Aunt* (New York, Dunigan), may be found a useful book to put into the hands of a child. In other cases we do not think it generally advisable to initiate the growing mind into the details of petty persecution and the perversities of domestic heresy.

The Life of St. Jane Frances de Chantal (Richardson and Son), in the Oratorian series of the lives of Modern Saints and Servants of God, is one of the most interesting and useful that has yet appeared. It has also a long and valuable introduction by the Abbé Boulangé, and an extremely interesting memoir of the foundation of the convent of her order (the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary) in England in 1804, now at Westbury-on-Trym, near Bristol.

The circumstances of the *Controversy on the Infallibility of the Church of Rome and the Doctrine of Article VI. of the Church of England, between the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, Bishop of Newport, and the Rev. J. Baylee, Principal of St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead* (Richardson and Son), are already familiar to all our readers. The Controversy, as now published (and published too at a very low price, in order to secure an extensive circulation, which we sincerely trust it will obtain), is a monument of the Bishop's patience and of the Protestant professor's dishonesty. We cannot use a milder word. His misquotations are *extraordinarily* dishonest even for Protestant controversialists, which is saying a great deal, and his refusal to correct them perfectly scandalous. Dr. Brown deserved a better opponent, and for the sake of Protestants we wish he had found one; even as it is, the volume cannot fail to be of great use to all who are really in earnest in their inquiries after truth.

A Letter to the "Times" and its "Englishman," by Charles Cholmondeley, Esq. (Dolman, London), is intended to *show-up* the unprincipled conduct of that journal in all that concerns Catholics. To remonstrate, however, with the unknown quantity represented by "the conductors of the *Times*" is at best an unprofitable occupation.

Reasons for leaving the Church of England, by Mr. Crawley, late Curate of St. Saviour's, Leeds (York, Stutter; London, Richardson), are plain and simple, and may be safely recommended for distribution among that class of persons for whom they are written, viz. the poor and uneducated parishioners of any zealous *Anglo-Catholic* minister.

The Authority of the Pope in England (York, Stutter; London, Richardson) consists of very copious extracts from larger works on the same subject, more particularly "The See of St. Peter," by Mr. Allies.

The Second Part of *The Choir* (Burns and Lambert) maintains the promise of the first. The pieces given are all good in themselves, of a good style, and within the power of tolerably well-trained choirs. Three of them are by living English writers, and so far have a peculiar interest of their own. Mr. Richardson's *Jubilate Deo* and *Laudate Dominum* display a facility in employing the resources of science, an ear for melody, and a correctness of taste, hitherto too seldom found among our Catholic organists. Dr. Crookall's *Magnificat*—a simple and pleasing little work—concludes with a *Gloria* based on one of the most magnificent of Palestrina's inspirations—the eighth tone for the Psalms harmonised for five voices. Were this superb piece of harmony *well* performed by four or five hundred voices, we believe that its effect would be such as few persons can conceive.

